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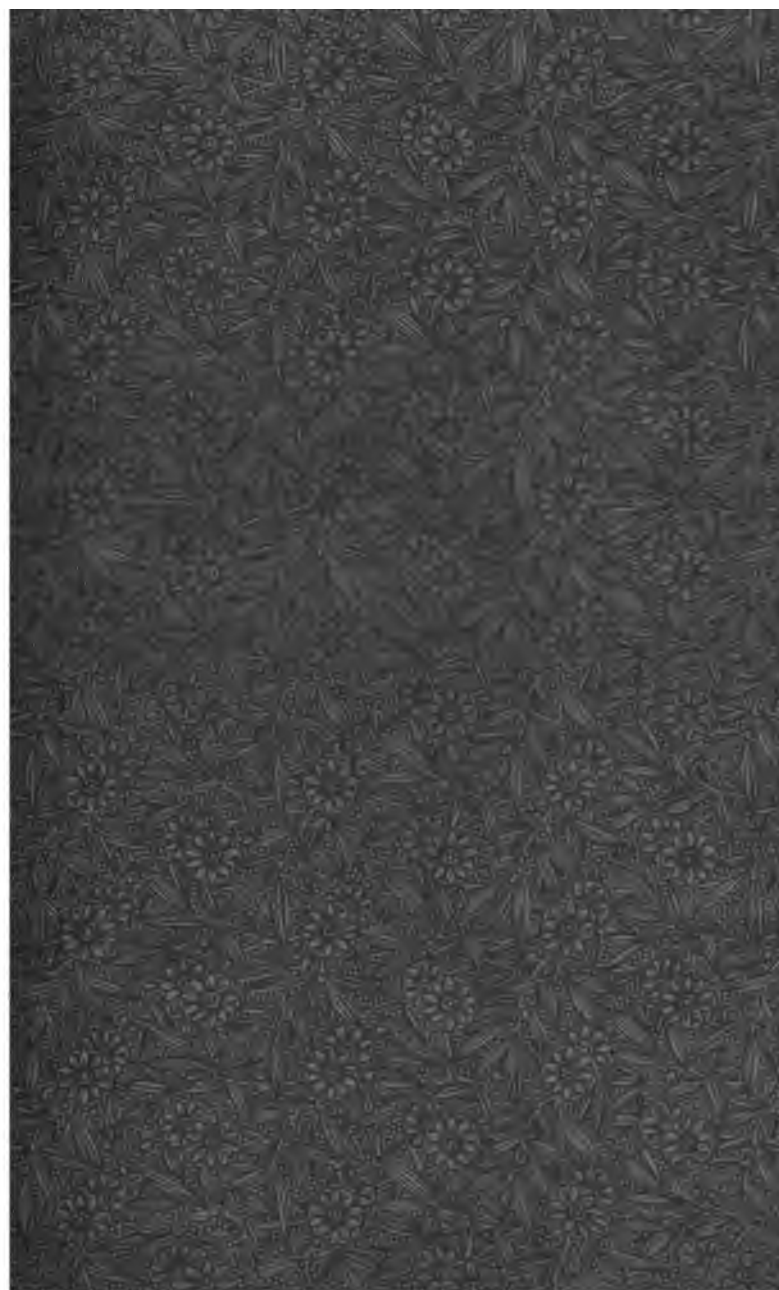
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# THE DAWN OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

A *Nobel*,

SOCIAL AND POLITICAL.

“Be just and fear not ;  
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,  
Thy God's and truth.”

IN THREE VOLS.

VOL. II.



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**“They might not seem thy prophecies  
But spiritual presentiments,  
And such refraction of events,  
As often rises ere they rise.**



# THE DAWN OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

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## CHAPTER I.

LADY ALTHÆA O'CALLAGHAN AND GERTRUDE  
HER DAUGHTER.

THE relict of Mr. John Patrick O'Callaghan, of Castlemarten, County Cork, who had lost his life in the hunting field, resolved soon after her bereavement, having an only daughter approaching womanhood, to quit Castlemarten, and with it, Ireland, as she hoped, for good. She would thus leave her only son Maurice, in possession of the estate.

Ireland had never had any great attraction for her. She had spent with her husband

never more than three or four months of the year at this truly princely abode, and she had consented to endure this sojourn only to gratify her husband, whom she had married young and to whom she was fondly attached, and whose premature and sudden death had plunged her in deepest grief.

Lady Althæa was an Englishwoman by birth and education. She had been fascinated when little more than a girl by the young, handsome, and sprightly Irishman, who gained her affections and made her a happy bride. Accustomed as the daughter of an earl to mix all her married life in the highest social circles, both in London and in Paris, a life congenial to her husband when there was no hunting to be had, she found at Mr. O'Callaghan's death, she could never settle herself in Ireland; and when he died the only inducement to reside there was for ever gone.

With little romance in her nature, and an irrepressible love of high society, which long habit had confirmed, Castlemarten, with the grandeur of its ancient battlements and gates,

its extensive parks and old associations, which to her husband had been so dear from his early childhood and long Irish descent, possessed for her no attraction. Such enjoyment as there might be in the princely state in which they lived during the time they were at Castlemarten, fatigued her after a very short interval.

Hospitable, generous and social, enjoying an illimitable number of friends and acquaintances, the condition of Ireland had been for some years such that no one could be induced to visit them, except men, and these some few old army friends of Mr. O'Callaghan, who loved the hunting field and the gun. These for the most part were bachelors, or acquaintances whose wives regarded Ireland as the certain way to a sudden and violent death, so that ladies' society she had none. The social surroundings, consequently, confined almost exclusively to tenants and dependents, left her practically in a condition of isolation which fretted her and destroyed her comfort. Except for the proximity of Sir Roderick and Lady Winifred Norman, during the two months they resided

annually at the manor, they had no neighbours of their own rank, and when Mr. O'Callaghan met his death, through the accident which befell him in the hunting field, nothing remained to induce her to continue longer in Ireland.

Lady Althæa, however, was glad for three years to shut herself up in this seclusion. She felt she was as well at Castlemarten during such a season, perhaps better, than anywhere else. She could there indulge her sorrows undisturbed, she could there retrace her past happy dream of existence to the emptiness of which she had been so abruptly awakened. But when the three years would be completed, her duty towards her daughter, growing fast to womanhood and of exquisite beauty, would constrain her to return to her former social state. Her son, too, would have attained his majority, and as he had retired from the Life Guards at the decease of his father, having served less than three years, she could very well make the desire to leave him in possession of his estate and inheritance, the excuse to go.

This plan much occupied her thoughts.

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She would leave Maurice behind in the enjoyment of his paternal estate. She would take Gertrude with her and go first to Paris, where she would probably permanently reside. She would get back, being still young, into the old set, and try to forget Ireland and her troubles, which she felt she could never shake from her mind while she continued at Castlemarten.

But there was one still greater and even stronger inducement which influenced her in her determination to leave Ireland for good.

There was more intercourse with her agent than she liked. It was necessary, no doubt, while she remained and until Maurice was of age, which would be in a few months. Mr. O'Callaghan, she painfully discovered soon after his death, had left incumbrances of considerable extent on the estate, and Mr. Sharpnose, always most deferential and polite, was continually compelled to refer to her as the only one of her husband's executors on the spot. This reference, and the responsibilities it involved, especially bored and distressed her. It exposed what by others would have been

regarded as inconsiderate and reckless follies, ruinous to the family had they been continued. Her unvarying love for Mr. O'Callaghan saved her from condemning his extravagance or questioning his judgment. But the revelations which came up, inexpressibly galled and annoyed her; and though she was in no way alarmed as to the ultimate issue of things, there was quite enough of discomfort to make her wish to be far away from it all, and to leave to wiser and cooler heads the management of the estate. About business she literally knew nothing, and except out of regard for herself and those dear to her, she cared less. She listened patiently to all Mr. Sharpnose said from time to time, was glad when the interviews came to an end, and confessed to herself that she felt as wise after them as if such conferences had never taken place.

During the disturbed times of Ireland, which had been for a few years subsiding, there had been in the domain of Castlemarten perhaps fewer agrarian troubles than in most places, and none of any consequence of late years,

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while some eight or ten years before the country throughout was in a state of continual turmoil and alarm. This condition of things, prevailing so long as it did, was not favourable to the prosperity of the Castlemarten estate. The whole period had been a time of anxiety and privation to landlords; but Mr. O'Callaghan had never heard of economy or thought of the need arising of circumscribing his expenditure on account of these political circumstances and disturbances. It is true his agent had had recourse to no evictions, but it is also true that for a long period rents came in with great uncertainty and irregularity. Mr. O'Callaghan ignored this, wrote to his agent when any pressure arose; if he wanted money, drew his cheques as usual; and lived without any change in his establishment, or alteration in his habits, which had always been princely and extravagant. The mischief which had resulted from this course of living was the involvement of the estate to a very serious extent; and the disclosure of it was proportionally painful and unexpected to Lady Althæa.

Should she leave Maurice to find it out? It would only perplex him should she refer to it. Sharpnose would be obliged to make the same communications to him, as from time to time he had made to her. Besides, she really did not in any true measure comprehend the details of the case; so she resolved to say nothing, as she might likely enough mislead. Yes, she would leave Ireland for good. The improved political and social state of the country might perhaps be some inducement to her to pay her son a periodical visit, but she reflected, this would only involve him in expenses; so again she resolved to terminate altogether her personal connection with Ireland, and at once to surrender to her son her right of retaining possession of Castlemarten for life, to which she was entitled, if she pleased, by the provision made for her by her dear husband. No, she would go to Paris. With her annuity of ten thousand, and the provision for Gertrude of two thousand, she thought they might manage comfortably well in Paris. She could hardly contrive, with resources so limited, to

return to the establishment in Belgrave Square. Besides, this would leave the house in Belgrave Square at the disposal of Maurice. Well, this course is best, she concluded.

To consign Gertrude to a life of isolation in an old Irish castle, however grand its associations, or extensive its domains, was a thought she could not for a moment entertain. It would certainly expose her, too, to severe censure and comment on the part of all her English relatives.

Yes, she would go to Paris.

The few remaining months soon passed away, and Maurice O'Callaghan came of age. His father's executors at once handed to him full possession of the estates. Lady Althæa heartily rejoiced. She should have no more bothering interviews with Mr. Sharpnose. After all, she reflected, Maurice, as a man, will manage the affairs much better than any woman could. So she would, as she had resolved, surrender her life-interest in the castle, and she announced to him her intention without reserve.

Maurice O'Callaghan was enamoured of

Ireland. He was glad to leave the Guards and come back to the wild and happy scenes of his childhood. The delight he experienced when his mother communicated to him her intention, words could not easily describe. He was transported with unspeakable joy. The dream of his boyhood had been to reside in the castle, as a prince among his people. Earth could furnish for him no higher happiness. The thought of the position he was now about to fill overpowered altogether the real sorrow he experienced at the reflection of the speedy and total separation from his mother and sister which was to take place; the old home, too, he reflected, was breaking up, but the grief natural to such a crisis in any family was absorbed in the delight arising out of his own approaching elevation and independence.

Lady Althæa and Gertrude had driven over to the Manor, to visit Lady Winifred Norman, to tell their plans and to say a preparatory good bye. Maurice was unable to be of the party.

As they drove through their own beautiful

and extensive domains some miles, to reach the house of their neighbour, Gertrude, though familiar with every scene, could not resist remarking on the lovely character of the country, and expressing her sorrow at their approaching departure.

"I fear, dear mother," said Gertrude, listlessly lying back in the barouche and looking as lovely as was possible for girlhood to be, "I shall miss all this scenery, so gloriously wild and grand, when we have left it all."

"Yes, dear," rejoined Lady Althæa, with a heavy sigh. "The country is surpassingly beautiful, but your dear father's image never leaves me, and never will while I continue here. I feel, too, it would be wrong to bury you here, in this place of solitude, when you can fill so well your position in the great social world, which is our natural right."

"Maurice," remarked Gertrude, "will be very dull here by himself."

"I don't know, dear," said Lady Althæa. "Gentlemen like country pursuits, and for some time to come there will be a great deal

to do on the estate. Maurice could not well absent himself at present, I think, without damage to his interests."

"I wish Sir Roderick," observed Gertrude, "would make his stay in Ireland longer. He never remains over two months, and Maurice has always had such a liking for him."

"Yes, my dear," said Lady Althæa, "Sir Roderick is a kind neighbour, and Maurice gets on admirably with him. He is a clever man of business too. Maurice wants me to get him over to Castlemarten for a day before we go, and that is one of the objects I have in view at this time in seeing Lady Winifred."

"How is it Marion Norman did not come with them this time?" asked Gertrude. "She's growing such a nice girl. I should so much like to know her well. I have often thought that in a year or two she would make such a capital wife for Maurice; and I told him so."

"My dear child," rejoined Lady Althæa, "men will always choose for themselves. It is right it should be so."

"What fills Maurice's head so much," asked



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Gertrude, taking up the conversation on a previous topic, "with the improvements Sir Roderick has been making so many years on the Manor estate? Does he want to do something like it on ours? He is now always talking of them."

"No doubt, Gertie," replied Lady Althæa; "you know your poor father left the estate sadly encumbered, and Mr. Sharpnose strongly advises the adoption of Sir Roderick's system, which he says would soon make a substantial difference for good to the estate."

"Ah, well," said Gertrude with a sigh, "I wish we could stay and see him engage in it. I would help him all I could. Since my father's death, as we have never left the place, I seem to have become so attached to it that I could willingly spend my days here, and never grumble."

"But, my dear, any way, you know, at my death," said Lady Althæa, "or in the event of your own marriage, you would be compelled to leave it. The sorrow now will be much less than it would be after a longer interval."

Besides, it is only fair to Maurice that he should be quite his own master, and do as he likes."

"Well, but perhaps he might like us, dear mother," observed Gertrude, "to stop here always with him."

"Nothing, my child," rejoined Lady Althæa, "is more likely to induce Maurice to take a wife himself than to leave him here in solitude, and nothing is more desirable than that, like his father, he should marry young. How lamentable would it not be if there were no heir in the next generation to follow in the possession and enjoyment of these vast estates. He will be a little king here now that the country is again nearly quiet."

"We were kings once, mother, I always heard," said Gertrude. "It's a pity England ever conquered us, and took away our titles. I never can make out how it is that father and Maurice are but plain mister when their ancestors for generations were kings."

"My dear Gertrude, Ireland has been far better off," said Lady Althæa, "since England

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conquered the country, if the people would only think so."

"But they will never admit it," said Gertrude. "I speak as an Irishwoman, and I quite understand their feeling. I suppose, mother," she continued, "the country was dreadful all round when the Land Leaguers had their own way?"

"My dear, I don't think any one but your poor father would have had courage to stay here in those reckless and bewildering times," replied Lady Althæa. "But he was a true Irishman, and believed his long descent to be a security. You and Maurice are the first of his race who have a mixture of English blood in your veins. He used to show me, as we rode together, where this or that man was shot, where the cattle of this or the other farmer were cruelly maimed, or who of his tenants were boycotted, as it was called, because they paid their rents. Ah, yes, the recollection of it all makes me shudder, and very glad, my child, that we are going. Don't grieve over it. Poor Ireland has long

become no fit place for civilized people to live in."

"But father was never shot at, was he?" asked Gertrude: "and I remember Sir Roderick saying in his funny way that they had never favoured him beyond sending him the threatening letter, signed, 'Rory o' the Hills.' Besides, the country is now quiet, and has been so for a good time, and you never hear now of the distressing circumstances which occurred when I was a child: do you?"

"No, my dear, happily we do not," replied Lady Althæa. "Neither Sir Roderick nor your father were ever shot at, or even assaulted. But the Irish are always so impulsive and uncertain, it is impossible to say when any such crimes, as were experienced years ago, might not again break out. Well, here we are."

They were passing through the lodge gates, and driving up to the door of the Manor, where they were soon joined by Sir Roderick who had observed their carriage approaching.

Lady Winifred was delighted to see her neighbours. During the period Lady Althæa

had resolved to live in seclusion, she had seen little of her, and the friends were glad to meet again after so considerable an interval.

"Well," said Lady Althæa, soon after conversation had opened, "I have made up my mind to quit Ireland altogether. Gertrude and I will go to Paris, and leave Maurice to have full possession of Castlemarten."

"Indeed," responded Lady Winifred. "Are you sorry to go, Gertrude?" she asked. "We return to Plashetts at the end of next week. I am always sorry when our brief stay is over, and feel that our two months are so quickly gone."

"Yes," Gertrude replied, "I don't feel, like dear mother, a dislike for Ireland. You see, mother had experience of the bad times when I was but a child: to me those times are only history. They must certainly have been very bad."

"The country is improving," remarked Lady Winifred, "and we are making way among the people on the estate. I really begin to like them, and to take delight in Sir Roderick's

plans and improvements. He is always full of projects for the welfare of those on the estate, and he thinks what he has already done is breaking down the prejudices which have so long existed against England."

"Yes," observed Lady Althæa, "Maurice has quite caught his spirit, and is full of what he purposes himself to do on the Castlemarten estates now he has possession. I hope he may get on with as much success as Sir Roderick. All I fear is that the estate has got so entirely under the control of the agent, that it may be difficult for dear Maurice to do as he likes."

"You have always found Mr. Sharpnose, I think," observed Sir Roderick, addressing Lady Althæa, "to be a good, honest, straight-forward fellow. For myself, I have the highest opinion of him. He is in no sense a pettifogger as some lawyers are. Maurice is very safe in his hands, if he will only be guided by him."

"Maurice," said Lady Althæa, drawing a deep sigh, "I much fear will be like his dear

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father, who would never be guided by any one. He has already got notions into his head from the member for Cork that Ireland ought to be ruled by Irish ideas, and Sharpnose is dead against these, which he says have been the ruin of the country. If his poor father had only at my advice, discarded that brute Turnover-colt, as he called him, he might have been with us now. I hope Sir Roderick," she continued, "you will give Maurice more of your good advice. I know he values it notwithstanding what I have said," and turning to Lady Winifred, she enquired "on what day she thought they might all be able to come to Castlemarten before they separated. Maurice would have come over with us to-day, but he had to ride into Cork to see Mr. Sharpnose on urgent business."

A day was soon arranged, and the visit came to a termination.

The two ladies drove back to Castlemarten, refreshed and cheered by the agreeable hour or two they had passed at the Manor.

They found Maurice, on their return, excited

and tired. Sharpnose, he explained, had made some ugly disclosures, and he felt puzzled, he said, what to do for the best. Of what nature those disclosures were he did not openly say before his sister, but Lady Althæa made a very good guess, nor were they new to her, as Maurice rightly supposed.

Maurice eagerly waited for the day when Sir Roderick and Lady Winifred would come over to Castlemarten.

Not many days elapsed before they made their visit. Sir Roderick and Lady Winifred were on the very eve of their departure for England, and they had not much time to stop.

After the ordinary exchange of compliments and enquiries had passed, Maurice, calling Sir Roderick aside, invited him into the library, where they could be alone for a short interval.

Lady Althæa was glad to witness this, and Lady Winifred and Gertrude acquiesced in the arrangement without taking any notice.

"I should be glad, Sir Roderick," began Maurice, "to have your further advice. I was with Sharpnose the day my mother and sister

were with you at the Manor, and he made some communications to me which surprised me, and were not altogether pleasant."

Sir Roderick was all attention.

"You remember I told you," continued Maurice, "that Sharpnose said the estate is not only heavily encumbered, but seriously embarrassed?"

"Oh yes," rejoined Sir Roderick, "I recollect all you said, and have been thinking a good deal over it. But I feel satisfied that with prudence and a little patience the estate would clear itself on the new system. What has cropped up since?"

"Well, Sharpnose now tells me," Maurice went on, "that he has difficulty with the bankers. He has been unable to persuade them to continue the advances."

"Indeed; but the rents," enquired Sir Roderick, "are they regularly paid into the bankers' hands? If so, it should be plain sailing enough."

"The charges are heavy, Sir Roderick," continued Maurice, "and the bankers often

have to advance large sums to keep these charges down. I see by the accounts that they have happily lost nothing, and that before the year's end they have always been recouped for the sums they have paid, with the interest due on all the transactions."

"Well, then," interposed Sir Roderick, "what more can they want? They have really, it seems to me, made good use of their money."

Maurice at once replied, and with a very serious face: "The fact is, as Mr. Sharpnose tells me, they are losing faith in the estate; they question, he says, the stability of the country."

"How so?" asked Sir Roderick.

"They said," replied Maurice, "as I understood Sharpnose, "that the Land Act had proved a failure; that instead of estates and tenants gaining relief under its provisions, all was turning out the very contrary, and that they were trembling for the ultimate consequences."

"Not a doubt of it," remarked Sir Roderick;

“the Land Act and its ill-devised provisions have done a great deal of harm, and it has excited this feeling of anxiety with reference to the future of the country. Did Sharpnose give you any idea of the extent of the cottiers' demands on the estate? Our English system, as explained to you, will put that right.”

“That's just it,” said Maurice, looking still more serious. “You know you explained to me the suggested mode of recovery, and it seemed to me the very thing; but they strongly object, it appears, to the system because it is English. They say they have no confidence in English ideas and methods for governing Ireland, which should be governed, they maintain, by Irish ideas, and they express their surprise, and, I believe, anger, that I, as an Irishman, should adopt English ways.”

“Well, if those ways are to do you good, surely,” continued Sir Roderick, “it would be very unwise not to follow them. What did Sharpnose say to this?”

“Oh,” said Maurice, “Sharpnose is very angry with them, and says if they ruin me it

will be with their Irish ideas ; but it's not so bad as that. He has all the particulars of these demands in his register, but I did not look at the total. There seems a lot of confusion connected with the business. For some years, divisions and sub-divisions of land have been going on without end, and now he says though only a few years have gone by since the passing of the Act, those who were so greedy to acquire land through its provisions, find they can no better live on it than they did before, and parcel after parcel is put up for sale."

"That," said Sir Roderick, "was precisely the mischief which was foreseen."

"If the landlord can repurchase, as he ought to do," said Maurice in continuation, "even at some sacrifice, well and good ; but to do all this, how much ready money is not wanted ? If bankers advance the money, they may just as well buy the land. But they say these advances are not possible because it ties up too much capital, and comes, in fact, to be practically a repurchase of the estate."

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“With incumbrances to be met,” observed Sir Roderick, “I quite see their difficulty; but the English system, applied as it is on my estate, would in time remove any difficulty. Of course, Lady Althæa and Gertrude’s annuities must be fully provided for.”

“Oh, yes,” said Maurice, “I am glad to tell you they have never been in arrear. Both have been generous in meeting our establishment charges, and when they are both gone I may certainly reduce these.

“For the next few years, Maurice,” remarked Sir Roderick, in a serious manner unusual with him, “you must confine yourself to a moderate expenditure, and you may again after an interval hope to have command of a good income. But don’t give way to the notion of governing Ireland by Irish ideas, at any rate, not on your own estate. My advice to you is, let Sharpnose see the bankers again, tell them of the plain advantages which must take place from what you are doing, and get rid of their silly prejudices; show them the economies which will follow, and

I hope you will in this way recover their confidence. We return, as your know, in a few days to England. I can only, therefore, hear by letter what is the result of your further communication, but you must let me know if any further difficulties arise."

An attendant here entered and announced luncheon to be ready, and the two gentlemen, rather heated with excitement by the conversation, returned to the ladies of the house and their guest.





## CHAPTER II.

### SIR RODERICK'S ESCAPE.

THE military occupation of Ireland, which had continued for some years after the fall of the Glibword cabinet, was fast coming, it was hoped, to a natural termination. The Land Act had been fairly tried, so far as English statesmen were able to sustain and enforce its provisions. These provisions it had been found necessary to modify in some important respects. The struggle for mastery between English and Irish ideas had ended, as was to be expected, in the prevalence of the former. Wise enactments had prevented a rupture of the kingdom, and postponed the success of the Home Rule agitation, if it had not altogether quashed it.

The disaffected parts of the country were being rapidly reduced to a condition of peace by good government. Life and property were again secure in almost every county in Ireland. The majesty and power of the law were being successfully vindicated and almost everywhere confirmed. Juries were no longer afraid to return righteous verdicts.

Never all at once can a country, which, like Ireland had been for a long period in a state of serious commotion, be brought back to a condition of order and peace. Here and there, as might be expected, a certain amount of discontent and agitation continued. But this was regarded only as the expiring flame of a fire which was nearly burned out, and the formidable outburst of which had some time before been successfully subdued.

The Land Leaguers had only succeeded in doing injury to their country, and had miserably failed to sever it, as they thought to do, from England. The brief power they had acquired, and the influence they had been using with such mischievous results, were dissipated.

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Except by what was tantamount to confiscation, they were unable to suggest any measures which would bring relief to the impoverished cottiers, and the smaller farmers. English systems of land management were rapidly being introduced, and the practical benefits derived from them soon prevailed with the most prejudiced to make them confess the superiority of English over Irish ideas and measures.

Sir Roderick Norman was conspicuous among others in so regulating the affairs on his Manor estate, that for some time the eyes of all the country side, where the Manor is situated, had been turned to watch his proceedings with interest. It was only for two months in the year he visited Ireland; but during this time he was able to effect so much in the way of improvement, that people freely confessed his system to be sound and worthy of imitation, and he gained over converts to English measures in large numbers.

During these two months, Lady Winifred generally accompanying him, and sometimes their eldest daughter, Marion, he occupied a

portion only of the old Manor House, appropriating the rest to the use of his trusty agent, Mr. Powell, who, though an Irishman, had been thoroughly converted to Sir Roderick's views.

His estates, as we have seen, adjoined at certain points the domains of Castlemarten, but were in the extreme west. A rugged coast line bounded them on the sea-side, a river of large dimensions, and rapid in its course, intersected the property diagonally from north to south, and the spacious woods, elevated considerably above the plain, formed a girdle to the extensive demesne on more than two sides, and under which the old mansion nestled, completing the boundaries of this lordly estate.

Here and there from the house you could distinguish the villages and farm-houses scattered up and down through the broad acres, while a few fishers' cottages on the shore, which could be seen sending up their curling smoke from under the cliffs, made up the shelter of the population. All these tenements were in a sound and comfortable condition,

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according to English ideas, affording in every case good and proper house accommodation.

Sir Roderick Norman being at the same time, as many other extensive Irish proprietors, the possessor of a large property in England, was enabled, when his Irish estates were little productive and the tenants suffering, as was the case for some years while the country was disturbed, to render valuable aid out of his English purse. But for his generosity and prudence in this respect, through many a bad season, especially while the military occupation of Ireland continued, would the tenantry have endured untold hardships. Thus acknowledging willingly the responsibilities of ownership, he won the respect of all on his estate, and in the country round.

Yet even here the poison of the Land Leaguers had penetrated, where it might least have been expected. Sir Roderick was represented, as were many other owners, as an enemy to Ireland, opposed to Irish ideas, and as one of those who had resolved on reducing Ireland to English rule by English measures. The

Leaguers at one time had been incessant in their denunciations of him. All that the malignity of their voluble and restless tongues could utter was heaped on Sir Roderick's head; he was no benefactor. He was simply improving his estates for his own selfish purposes. Like all the rest of them, he was in league with the English to subdue Ireland and eradicate the Irish nationality: and this was unpardonable. All the benefits he was reaping for himself belonged, they alleged, rightfully to the occupiers, and he should be sent back to England some time with a flea in his ear, or be carried back by his friends properly embalmed and packed up. They were determined to do him an injury in return for the good he had accomplished; and such good it was which was proving the ruin of the Leaguers. The people began to doubt their leaders. Why was Sir Roderick, of all men, denounced when he was for ever doing something for the advantage and permanent improvement of Irishmen, their farms, or their cottages, or their condition in some one or other respect?

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Mr. Powell, the agent, carried out strictly and without stint all his master's instructions. The ruin which had so long been impending over Ireland was fast being averted. If it came at all it would be the result of the Leaguers being permitted to continue their agitation unchecked. If Ireland were wrested from England, Ireland would be quickly in ruins. These convictions grew in the public mind, and things began to take a turn, and Ireland was gradually becoming improved and its well-being consolidated.

Sir Roderick cared nothing for their wild and wilful threats. He had been a soldier and had seen service, and had gone scathless through storms of bullets, and was not to be frightened from what he believed the course of his duty by Irish agitation. True, agrarian crimes and murders had been numerous a few years before, but these had been growing less frequent, and had almost disappeared from the country. As he had been unharmed during the wildest years of the agitation, he never thought there could be any danger in reserve.

Sir Roderick had long discovered, by experience, the root of the evil which during so many years had entailed suffering on Ireland, and out of which the chief mischief had grown.

He had gradually removed from his own estate the cottier system which kept whole families in a continual state bordering on destitution. On the passing of the Land Act, when the greed for land was the greatest in Ireland, his estate was but little affected. He had previously bought up the interest of many of his cottiers, in the conviction that it was for their benefit to sell. With four or five acres of land, which in many parts of Ireland formed the full extent of a man's holding, how was it possible existence could be sustained? The hovel of which the pig was generally the chief occupant some years before, he regarded as totally unfit for habitation, and had erected in its place, through the whole extent of his estate, suitable cottages for his tenants, in which a family might decently live, with such farm homesteads as were needed, according to the extent of the occupation. Gradually, in

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this way, he had changed the whole economy of the holdings, over the entire extent of his property. No farmer occupied less than about two hundred acres of land, many a great deal more. Those who had been cottiers, holding before five or more acres only to starve, found it to their direct, permanent advantage to take the position of labourers, and to live in comparative comfort.

During the years they had been tenants of those small holdings, desultory and uncertain work was all they did. Tilling the soil as farmers was soon over. The patch of potatoes or the field of oats was sown and finished in a few weeks: about as many weeks were occupied in collecting the small harvests, and the remainder of the year was wasted, if not abused, by idleness and drink. The small holdings, indeed, had proved the curse of the country. The system was vicious. The antidote to it was steady labour, for such a class of tenants. A cottage and garden at an easy rental, with constant profitable employment on the larger and well-cultivated farms, they soon

learned to value. Some of the cottiers who could undertake more extensive work, were encouraged and assisted to occupy farms. Especially to the men who were able to count in their families a few growing sons, who could engage in ordinary farm labour, a preference was given ; and in time what had been the continual course of that abject poverty in Ireland which was inseparable from the cottier system, was entirely superseded by the introduction of a class of farmers who could occupy a quantity of land sufficient to enable them to live in a fairly prosperous way, and to employ labour remunerative to those who had previously been cottiers.

Idleness, under this management, soon gave way before industry. A system thus organized taught the population the value of labour, and there was no longer to be seen on the estate, the idle, ragged, and discontented spalpeen of former years, draining whisky when he could get it, and smoking incessantly his short doodeen, hanging about his house with nothing to do, and ready to listen to the first agitator

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who would appeal to his sluggish and evil nature.

Regular employment came soon to be the habit of the whole district.

Political restlessness passed off. The people ceased to be the excitable creatures of former years, whose fathers remembered the evil doings of the Land Leaguers, and the brief reign of Darnell, Willon, and the rest of their auxiliaries who had brought the whole country to the verge of ruin.

Over the whole of the estate, moreover, as Sir Roderick had subsequently adopted in England, the basis of no fixed rental had been applied to the farms with complete success. Under this treatment, the land improved rapidly, and the tenant farmer prospered in proportion. There was no longer any repudiation of rent as had been the case in so many instances.

The generation of idlers and agitators was passing away. Their occupation was virtually gone.

Sir Roderick's stay in Ireland for that year was coming to an end the next day.

As was his habit during the two months he remained at the Manor, he had closely investigated, with his agent, Mr. Powell, the condition of the people and the property. He was as satisfied as ever that a wise course of management had been adopted, and was working well both for owner and dependents.

He had visited nearly all the farms and cottages; had exchanged words of kindness and courtesy with every one he met. On that evening his principal tenants, as usual, were to dine with him at the Manor, before he and Lady Winifred left, and as many of the lesser occupants as chose to come, were to be entertained at supper by the agent, and all, as was the good custom, were to join together afterwards in one assembly before the close of the day.

Proceedings like these, with the happy circumstances out of which they had grown, beat the agitators hollow. In their impracticable attempts to sever Ireland from British dominion, the Land Leaguers and Home Rulers had miserably failed. The brief power which they had acquired at the commencement of

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their agitation, and the influence they had used with such mischievous results came to naught. When their views were developed and came to be understood, they could suggest, it was found, only measures which could bring relief to the small cottiers and farmers by sacrificing the interests of other classes. Parliament, neither in the Lower nor in the Upper House, could be prevailed upon to listen to such proposals, the object of which was to expel rightful owners from their land. A strong administration of constitutional and just men, which had succeeded to the Glibword Cabinet, set their face like a flint against such wicked and unprincipled devices, to have adopted which must have involved England as well as Ireland in ruin. This resolute determination to do right carried the country. The coercion measures of the Glibword Cabinet, so inconsistent with a government professedly liberal, stirred up in Ireland a greater and more bitter strife than for years had been experienced. Each would-be patriot found his way into gaol; and Englishmen themselves began to

reflect that the expression of opinion adverse to an arbitrary minister might tempt such a man to try similar measures against the opposition at home. No wonder such a mode of government led quickly to the demoralization of the radical party. They had failed in convicting Land Leaguers of any crime against the State. Irish juries would not convict. A law followed fatal to civil liberty, with the result which was to be expected.

Constitutional and wise measures followed the change of the administration. The leaders of the Land League found their match. In vain they appealed again to constituencies to return them to Parliament. At the next general election all the seats were carried by loyal and true men. Ireland, it was felt, could not stand alone. It must continue to form an integral portion of the British Empire if prosperity and good order were to be restored to its suffering population. This conviction at last prevailing in the minds of all, quickly changed the whole aspect of the political outlook. All must strive for the common good.



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How could the population have been so perverse and foolish as to think that England had any other view than the benefit and lasting welfare of Ireland. If they had liked Irish views, was it not folly to prefer them to English ideas if proved to be inferior? How much wiser had not the population grown by the sufferings they had endured from the perils and disturbances through which they had passed. Common sense prevailed. They were a part of England. Why not feel a little English? Why not be proud instead of jealous of an alliance with the nation admitted to be foremost in the world? What could our fathers have been about to make such commotion and disturbance when nothing but their own best interests were being sought and promoted? Wisdom may come slowly, but it comes surely.

All the morning had Sir Roderick been on horseback, in company with Mr. Powell, but he had not completed all the calls he wished to make, and he sent Mr. Powell forward to the Manor to give an eye to the preparations

for the evening, sending a message by him to Lady Winifred that he should return in less than a couple of hours.

Sir Roderick was riding leisurely along the road at a fast pace, enjoying the scenery and congratulating himself on the good success that had attended his persevering labours. He reflected that after all, there was no such true pleasure and gratification to a man of property, as that of doing good to his dependents.

"This is really," he reflected as he went along, "the family which God has given into my charge. One is apt too often to limit his notions of a family to one's wife and children. But in patriarchal times the family embraced all who were dependent on the chief. I like the thought of that."

At this moment a shot from behind the wall at the roadside pierced Sir Roderick's hat. His horse started but he kept his seat. Neither of them were struck, and he waited a moment doubtful of what was intended, but seeing no one move in one direction or another

he felt certain that an agrarian outrage had been committed, fortunately without any fatal result or ill effect of any kind. Looking at his hat he discovered that the ball had gone clean through both the sides of it. A few inches lower and he must have been pierced through the head and fallen into the road a corpse.

"Merciful Providence," he exclaimed, "I could not have believed a traitor could have been found on the estate! Is this then the outcome of that silly missive sent me eight or ten years ago, signed 'Rory o' the hills,' and which I had long since forgotten?" He looked round in all directions to observe whether any man could be seen moving away from this scene of designed bloodshed; but no one was visible, nor was a sound to be heard. At once he advanced his horse to the wall, to the point from which he conceived the shot had been fired. He looked over. There, within a yard or two from where he stood, was a man crouched down in a shallow ditch by the wall side, covered as much as possible by the long rank grass which lay around, the weapon he

had used placed lengthwise by his side to be as little visible as possible.

The would-be assassin had evidently reckoned that, if he missed the object of his aim, the rider, alarmed by the shot, would have hurried from the place at the highest speed his horse could carry him : in which case he expected, after the interval of a few minutes, to effect his escape.

Sir Roderick accosted him at once without hesitation, " So you wished to take my life, rascal, but you have failed ; move not from the spot or I will ride you down. Lift not your weapon from where it lies, or I will lay your head open with this hunting cane ; and in a moment more Sir Roderick had leaped his horse over the wall and stood confronting his assailant, who still cowered beneath him and made no attempt to move. " What have I done that you should have shot at me ? How have I injured you ? " asked Sir Roderick.

" Och, yer honor, it's the Laaguers as bound me years ago to do it. I owe yer honor no grudge, and if I hav'int hurt yer, by the kind-

ness of hiven, may be yer'll let me off. I only promised to fire one shot and—"

"Miscreant!" exclaimed Sir Roderick, interrupting him, "when are these crimes and outrages to cease?"

The tramp of a horse was now heard coming rapidly along the road. It was that of a mounted constable, whose attention had been attracted by the sound of fire-arms, and had hurried to the place. Sir Roderick at once explained what had occurred.

"Get up yer rascal," said the constable, addressing the Irishman, "you are my prisoner: don't attempt to rin away or I'll mow yer down in a trice with my cutlash.—Why, it's Michael Doherty! You'll pay for this, my boy, and sarve yer right too."

"Come now," continued the constable, "jump over the wall, Mike, and make yourself aisy. Yer shall have a ride to-day yer wont soon forget, if yer niver had one in yer life before. There, get on to mee horse, and he'll walk yer quickly to the barracks, and make niver a stumble:" and he slipt dexter-

ously a pair of handcuffs on Doherty, as soon as he had mounted. "He only goes foot pace, except when I'm on him: now don't try to hurry him to lave me, for he wont put himself out of the way for the likes of you on any account."

"Yer sarvant, Sir Roderick," said the constable; and having mounted his prisoner into the saddle, the horse walked quietly forward with him, as he had often done with many prisoners before, keeping just a yard or two in front, the whole party proceeded to the constabulary barracks, where they soon arrived.

The prisoner being secured, Sir Roderick gave the charge to the inspector, and the constable who had taken the prisoner delivered up the weapon he had found on the ground. "Sir Roderick," said the inspector, "you will do well to preserve the hat, as it will be required at the trial. The magistrates are sure to commit. I fear this business will detain you in Ireland," for it was known the country round that Sir Roderick's stay was about terminating.



"I can return," said Sir Roderick, "if my evidence should be necessary: but I shall take Lady Winifred home. She will not care to remain when she has heard my story, and I fear it may for ever prevent her from returning with me when I come on my annual visit. Really, this is how people most wanted in Ireland are driven from the country."

"Did the prisoner," asked the inspector, "say anything, Sir Roderick, when you accosted him, as you tell me?"

"Yes, he remarked that 'it was the Leaguers years ago who had bound him to this business. I owe you, he said, no grudge, and as I have not hurt you, perhaps you will let me go. I only promised to fire one shot.' He made no other observation."

"These men," continued the inspector, "have all been the too ready tools of the Leaguers. Every one who has been detected in agrarian crimes has avowed that he was obeying the agitators, who persuaded them that the welfare of Ireland required this mode of settlement. Mr. Glibword and Mr. Thorster

should have known years ago that the conspiracy was a wild and bloodthirsty one, of which the Leaguers were at the head. The evidence we supplied them with proved this distinctly. It shows the strange and wicked influence which these Leaguers could exert over their silly tools, that promises which were extorted years before, whatever time might elapse, were sooner or later kept. In this instance, one would have thought that the time which had passed would have effaced the promise from the man's mind, and forced him to see the wickedness of it."

"I may conclude then," remarked Sir Roderick, "that for years this man has been waylaying me to seek the opportunity he wanted, to kill me."

"It looks like it," admitted the inspector.

"The mischief is," continued Sir Roderick, "that it is impossible to say what number of men may remain who have been bound by the Leaguers to commit these agrarian murders, and continue in the country, still thinking they must keep their wicked oath. We may assume

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that the pacification of Ireland is complete, and that law and order are again supreme; but life cannot be safe while the present generation lasts, if those who are committed to this fearful bond have not all passed away."

"If they had hanged," said the Inspector, "the whole crew of Leaguers, it would have been no more than just. They were one and all, without doubt, accessory to these atrocious crimes. Imprisonment and fines were altogether inadequate to their true deserts."

The Inspector offered Sir Roderick escort to the Manor House. "Thanks," said Sir Roderick, "there is no necessity; I have no fear. The man they put on me has failed in his purpose. It is very improbable that any more have been detailed for my destruction." And Sir Roderick rode off without apprehension to the Manor House, where he would have to make known the chief occurrence of the day.



### CHAPTER III.

#### SIR RODERICK AND LADY WINIFRED RETURN TO ENGLAND.

WHEN the news of the attempt on Sir Roderick's life was noised abroad the indignation of the whole country side knew no bounds. The tenants, one and all, could they have laid hold of Michael Doherty, would have lynched him on the spot. Had the murder been committed, they all felt it would have left an indelible disgrace on their community. It was little short of this, they one and all felt: the intention was only too evident, and but for the failure of the wretch in taking aim, the assassination would have been certain. Lady Winifred was greatly moved, and rendered incap-



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able altogether to take any part in the evening's festivities. Mr. Powell entreated Sir Roderick that these festivities might be postponed. To this Sir Roderick would not in any way assent. "The people," he said, "were already arriving at the Manor House, and he would be glad to see all his friends together and assure them that his confidence in their good will was in no way shaken or diminished by the occurrence which had happened that afternoon. On the contrary, he thought the occasion was most fitting in consequence of this very event, so totally unexpected." Lady Winifred was of the same opinion, and but that her nerves had been so shaken, she, too, would herself have been present as she had intended. Sir Roderick bore himself in his usually calm and dignified manner, and when he presented himself in the Hall to give welcome to his guests, the roof rung with joyous acclamations, which for a long time continued unabated. All came round him with their congratulations. "God bless you, Sir Roderick," said one and the other. "Curse the

spalpeen," was muttered in every corner. "May he have centuries of more purgatory than he needed if he had not attempted the master's life." "Arrah, if we could only get hould of the blackgart we'd show him what he desarves." Certainly, no one could have been more heartily and thoroughly denounced than the misguided Mike Doherty.

All this time Lady Winifred was reflecting on the certainty of the future and early execution of the prisoner. The thoughts of this made her unspeakably wretched. The justice of the sentence he would without doubt receive, no one would question; but the thought of it to her kind and generous heart was almost insupportable. Sir Roderick tried to encourage her with the reflection that as he was not killed the prisoner's life might be saved, and penal servitude for life be considered sufficient to satisfy the case. But Lady Winifred felt quite unable to entertain this more lenient view. She was satisfied the extreme sentence of the law would be enforced. She could not see that any other result was to be expected. If

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from motives only of policy, this course seemed altogether certain and necessary. For several years there had been no agrarian outrage of this kind, and it had been believed that all such crimes had everywhere ceased. The country was almost free again from the military occupation which had been necessary for many years; and any leniency in a case of so aggravated a character would be considered misplaced and ill-judged, and be regarded as evidence of official timidity. All these thoughts and reflections seemed to pass rapidly through Lady Winifred's mind, and caused her an anguish which she felt to be almost insupportable. Michael Doherty, she had already learned, had a wife and five small children, a circumstance which did not alleviate the weight of her trouble.

Vain was it that Mr. Powell tried to quicken the spirits of the guests. A weight and cloud hung over the festivities which would not pass off. Sir Roderick, after dinner, mingled with the crowd; but, though not depressed any degree himself, could not persuade the people to think less of the attempt made on his life.

He had held these gatherings of his tenantry for many years, and they had always been happy and hearty; but on this occasion no one could brace himself sufficiently to lead the rest into a brighter strain of feeling. Not a Pat there, however notorious for merriment, could be induced to sing a song. None of the customary jokes or repartees which usually distinguish the gatherings of the neighbours in the Sister Isle could be heard. All was dull, insipid, and indicating sadness and discomfort, and some hours before the usual time of separating arrived, one and another withdrew from the scene, execrating Michael Docherty with all the bitterness they could find words to express, and blessing Sir Roderick and his family in terms of unbounded affection.

At the petty session of the magistrates next morning, Michael Doherty was to be brought up by the Chief Inspector. Sir Roderick was on the bench, but withdrew as soon as the case came on. He had been heartily congratulated by each magistrate present on the narrow escape he had had. All felt they could not



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more cordially felicitate Sir Roderick on his safety than deplore that another case of outrage of this heinous character had occurred to injure the country and disturb the public mind, and delay once again the recovery of its good fame, which had been so steadily advancing for some years.

The case was not likely to be protracted. It was clear as soon as the evidence was produced that the bench must commit the prisoner for trial. The only question on which there was just a probability of any difference of opinion, was whether he should be sent up on the capital charge, or for some crime less in degree than intent to murder.

Michael Doherty stood at the bar.

"Who prosecutes?" asked the chairman.

The inspector stood forward and informed the bench that the prosecution fell to his duty to conduct.

"Has the prisoner," enquired the chairman, "any one to represent him?"

"Noa, yer honers," exclaimed Doherty; "I'm guilty, and represent meeself."

"I must caution you," said the chairman, "that anything you may state will be taken down, and may be used as evidence against you."

"Well," continued Doherty, "yer must have it set down, for it's all true as gospel."

The inspector was requested to proceed.

"I produce as the first witness the constable who took the prisoner into custody."

"I think," said the clerk to the magistrates, addressing the chairman, "we shall be more in order if we give precedence to Sir Roderick's testimony. He can prove that the shot was fired, and that the charge perforated his hat."

Sir Roderick was accordingly sworn. He deposed that he was riding on the Kerry Road, which passes through his estate, when he heard a gun fired, and felt his hat was struck. On looking at his hat he found the bullet had passed through both sides of it. He was himself uninjured. After waiting on the road a few moments to observe whether any one was to be seen moving away, he discovered the prisoner lying concealed behind the wall



skirting the road, and a gun lying by his side. The constable who took him into custody was soon on the spot, and informed him the man's name was Michael Doherty.

"An' so it is, yer honer," interrupted the prisoner, "but I be al'ays called Mike."

"Let us now hear the evidence," said the chairman, "of the constable who took the prisoner."

"You took Michael Doherty into custody?" asked the chairman.

"Yes, yer honer, sure he did," interposed Doherty again: "an' he behaved quite like a gintleman."

"You had better not speak, Doherty, until you're asked," returned the chairman: "I will give you an opportunity at the proper time."

"Thank yer honer," said Doherty notwithstanding.

"Now, constable, tell us where you found him?" continued the chairman.

"He was curled up in the grass, yer worship, just as Sir Roderick said."

"Never mind," remarked the chairman, "what Sir Roderick said, tell us what you saw and did yourself. Did you charge the man?"

"Oh no, yer worship, he niver tried or 'tempted to run away. If he had, I'd have charged him d'rectly."

"I think you don't understand me quite," observed the chairman, "I didn't mean to ask you if you charged him with your horse, but if you laid a charge against him before your inspector?"

"I took him to the barracks, yer honer, and there the constable as keeps the lock-up took charge of him."

"Well, and the inspector did what?" continued the chairman. "Who was with you?"

"Why, Doherty, may it please yer worship," said the constable.

"Where was Sir Roderick Norman?" asked the chairman, getting somewhat impatient at the constable's obtuseness. "Tell us where Sir Roderick Norman was all the time."

"He came along the road with us," said the constable, "and went into the inspector's office."

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"Well, we shall get at it soon," observed the chairman. "And when you were in the office, what did you do?"

"Och, yer honer, Sir Roderick sat down and I stood up all the time, to be civil, yer worship."

"Did you charge the prisoner with any crime," the chairman went on.

"I tould him," replied the constable, "Sir Roderick had been shot at and missed, God bless him, and that Doherty had done it."

"Did you see him do it; did you hear the shot fired?" continued the patient chairman.

"I heard a shot, yer worship, and rode at once to the spot where I thought it was, and found Sir Roderick on his horse standing over Doherty," said the constable.

"Sir Roderick has told us, gentlemen," said the chairman, addressing his fellow magistrates, "that he discovered Michael Doherty, the prisoner, crouched in the ditch by the wall side, with the gun lying by him. You have heard the evidence of the constable. Before we consider the case, I should like to ask

the inspector whether any bullet has been found?"

The inspector stood up and was sworn. He said he had found in the road close to the place the constable pointed out, the bullet which he held in his fingers, and which he begged leave to hand to the bench. It fitted the fowling piece.

"And you took the charge in your office?" asked the chairman.

"I took it from Sir Roderick and the constable," replied the inspector.

"You have heard the evidence given by Sir Roderick," said the chairman, "as well as by the constable; does it correspond with what you entered at the time in your book?"

"Certainly, your worship," responded the inspector.

"That will do," said the chairman, "we will consider the form of committal."

After a few minutes consultation with his fellow magistrates, the chairman said they had made up their minds to commit the prisoner on the capital charge of "shooting

with intent to murder." The evidence was of the most perfect kind. There could be no doubt of the intent. "Michael Doherty, if you have anything to say, you may now address the bench."

"Yer honers, I can hardly spake," said Doherty. "I did shoot at Sir Roderick, I can't deny it. I only hit his hat, and I can't hang for it: but I think as that was all the harm I did, if yer honers will let me off, I'm sure Sir Roderick will. It was all them Laaguers that bound me to do it. They made me take oath—a bad bloody oath it was, that burnt itself into my heart—and its now more than ten years agone: but I could niver bring myself to do it till the other day."

"You had better be silent, in all this," interposed the chairman, "unless you tell us the names of those who administered to you this oath; what you are saying only tends to prejudice your case."

"Yer honers," said Doherty, "we was bound not to 'peach. My soul's lost, all the prayers of the saints could not set it free, if I tould of

the Laaguers. But I shouldn't mind swinging if a couple of them Laaguers was made to hang by mee side. I have nothing more to say, yer worships."

"You are committed," the chairman said, addressing the prisoner, "on the capital charge of 'shooting at Sir Roderick Norman with intent to murder him, or do him some grievous bodily harm;' and the Bench decline to admit you to bail."

The next day Sir Roderick and Lady Winifred were on their way back to England. Their conversation on the journey turned principally on Doherty, and his chance of escaping the capital sentence, which they both hoped he might. By Sir Roderick's desire, it appeared, the words qualifying the capital charge had been inserted; and Lady Winifred consoled herself not a little when she found that the intent was inserted in the alternative, "or do him some grievous bodily harm:" and she hoped the verdict of the jury would reduce to this the crime which had been committed against her husband.

On their safe arrival at Plashetts, amidst the joy and congratulations of all the family and tenantry, they found a short note from Lord Northfield, which Sir Roderick immediately tore open and read.

“MY DEAR NORMAN,

“Thank God you were preserved from the assassin. Let us know when you arrive. Lady Northfield and I cannot rest till we have seen you and given you our heartiest congratulations.

“Always yours,

“Northfield.

“Rushbrooke Hall,

“&c., &c., &c.”





## CHAPTER IV.

LORD NORTHFIELD AND SIR RODERICK NORMAN.

ON Sir Roderick's return to England, so incensed had all his neighbours around Plashetts and in Northfield felt in relation to the attempt on his life that a public meeting, which had been summoned for the purpose, resolved to present him with an address of sympathy and congratulation. Lord Northfield had consented to take the chair. The demonstration was in every way one which showed the popularity of Sir Roderick and the esteem in which he was held, and the worthy baronet was pleased and flattered by this attention of his neighbours.

Lord and Lady Northfield remained behind at Plashetts after the address had been pre-

sented, and Sir Roderick informed him that he must soon again return to Ireland to be present at the trial of Michael Doherty.

"Does Lady Winifred accompany you this time?" asked Lord Northfield.

"I think not," said Sir Roderick. "It is better she should stay behind. Her excitement was very marked and trying to her health when Doherty was taken before the magistrates, and I am most anxious to spare her from a repetition of it. At this distance she will be less likely to enter into all the harrowing details which are sure to be brought out at the trial."

"You go alone, then?" observed Lord Northfield.

"Yes," said Sir Roderick, "unless I can prevail on you to accompany me. It is now some years since you went with me to the Manor, and I should much like you, if you can spare the time, to be my guest, and have the opportunity of inspecting with me some of the results of the projects which have so often been the subject of conversation between us."

"I have no particular engagements that need detain me," said Lord Northfield. "I will be your companion for the occasion with pleasure. Lady Northfield may perhaps be a little timid about it. I have no doubt I shall be able to remove her fears. The truth is that ladies, and a great many men as well, regard Ireland as a country in which it is almost impossible to live in safety."

"Well," remarked Sir Roderick, "it takes time for these feelings and impressions to subside. I remember the first time that I made up my mind I would try to do some good by visiting, periodically, my Irish estates, Lady Winifred was much alarmed. Years ago there was good reason for this feeling. At that time the Land Leaguers were entirely in possession of the country, and were literally ruling it, and any who attempted to resist their authority and countervail it, were denounced without scruple, boycotted, as it was then termed, put under a social ban, which was inexpressibly annoying and inconvenient. That is not so now. Things are much better. The

feebleness of the Glibword cabinet was deplorable at the time I mean."

"What could have induced," said Lord Northfield, "a man of such experience as Glibword, to think that a do-nothing policy with Ireland was likely to work well. On all sides the Land Leaguers and agitators were inflaming the people against the Government. Life and property were nowhere secure. The very friends of law and order were so frightened out of their propriety, that numbers were drawn to the side of rebellion through fear. It was literally a reign of terror, and yet ministers would not move; would not meet Parliament; deferred the session as long as they could, notwithstanding the cry in England condemning their inaction. He permitted this state of misrule to continue till the country was almost lost. Then he had recourse to coercion and land laws and arrests."

"Surprising, indeed," Sir Roderick admitted. "But things are better now by a long way. The marvel to me always seemed that the ministers themselves were not impeached."

What could look more like connivance in the state to which Ireland had arrived, than this standing by and doing nothing, when every hour was of consequence? Not to vindicate the law at such a time, not to seize the Leaguers and bring them to bay at once, had all the appearance of being accessory to their crimes and misdemeanours. Such a course could not be called government."

"Freeman and Workington, it was currently said," observed Lord Northfield, "were the men especially who backed Glibword in this perilous policy. They protested against treating Ireland as a conquered country. Workington, I am told, since Freeman's death, has entirely changed his views."

"It came, after all, to their being driven by the House of Commons," continued Lord Northfield, "to occupy Ireland with I forget how many thousand troops, besides passing all their stringent measures."

"And we cannot wonder that as an administration," said Sir Roderick, "they ignominiously broke down. Glibword never recovered

it, and could not be induced by his most earnest and admiring friends, to take office again. So great a blunder was enough to upset any man, but it was a bad finish to such a career. It will be a great comfort to Lady Winifred to know that you will go to Ireland with me. By-the-bye, where is Lionel? When does he go back to Cambridge? "

"He is at home," replied Lord Northfield, "reading hard as usual. He goes out next term and is polishing up, as he says, all round."

"By which he means, I suppose," remarked Sir Roderick, "going over the most difficult matter in the books he has read. Don't you think he might go with us? "

"He sticks too hard to his books, I sometimes think," said Lord Northfield. "I am quite sure a little relaxation would do him good, and he must not decline your kind offer. I must persuade him to come with us."

"He has never been to Ireland," continued Sir Roderick, "and for a man who proposes by-and-bye to find a seat in the House of Commons, a practical acquaintance with that part

of the Kingdom which has given us so much trouble and anxiety, and may do so again, cannot but prove an advantage. It is impossible when discussions take place in the House, for any one to speak with good effect unless they have some practical knowledge. We don't care for your abstract philosophers. I remember several times hearing Mill when I was first returned for Northfield, and how the House, though it listened to him with patience and respect, received not the slightest impression from his addresses, though they were evidently carefully prepared and well considered. Not a member was influenced by what he said."

"I quite believe," said Lord Northfield, "that Lionel has in him a strong spirit of inquiry and feels the need of knowing well our country's history and its present condition, in every section of it. But his notion is that academical success is the foundation of all other success in life. Peel, Gladstone, Salisbury, and many others, were all men of mark at the Universities."

"No doubt," said Sir Roderick, "that is so."

"Besides," continued Lord Northfield, "since the opening of the Universities to all comers, the advancement made in education has been so great among the middle classes, and the facilities for receiving the highest culture are so numerous, compared with what they were in former years, that the upper classes may be easily distanced by their inferiors in birth. Lionel, and I admire him for it, is one of those who do not regard birth and wealth as the only and best recommendations to public favour. No doubt, the advantages which these give, are and always will be great; but he thinks that because a man is an aristocrat by birth he should be a real leader in everything, and that University honours and distinctions will add greatly to the lustre of his coronet. I applaud him for that."

"I always thought highly of Lionel, you know," said Sir Roderick, "for shoulders so young he has a wiser head on them than

you often see, and yet he is meek and unostentatious as a stripling should be. I shall be very glad to have him with us."

"When will you be obliged to go?" enquired Lord Northfield.

"Early in January; in fact," replied Sir Roderick, "directly after the beginning of the year. Indeed, I wished much to be excused; but I was bound over to prosecute before I left Ireland, and therefore must attend. The assizes are fixed for the 6th of January, and Doherty's case will be among the first. If the Grand Jury find a true bill, we may expect the trial to take place the next day."

"It is impossible," observed Lord Northfield, "that the Grand Jury can find any other than a true bill. There never was a clearer case. A man shoots at you from behind a wall, as you are riding through your estates, on a public highway. The ball pierces your hat. Fortunately your life is preserved, through the inaccuracy of his aim. I see not what further evidence can be needed in proof of the charge of assault with intent to murder.

There can be no flaw. They must find the prisoner guilty."

"It is a miserable business any way," said Sir Roderick; "let us see where the ladies are."

The ladies they found in the drawing room, discussing the same subject as that which had occupied their chief attention.

"You can do nothing, my dear Lady Winifred," Lady Northfield was saying, when the gentlemen came in, "till after the trial. If a verdict of guilty be returned, then you can use your influence with the Home Secretary. But it would be unfair to the prisoner to anticipate his condemnation. The jury may adopt the lighter charge, and the sentence may not be capital."

"I wish I could think so," Lady Winifred observed, the tears standing in her eyes; and turning to Lord Northfield, she exclaimed in earnest tones—the expressions of anxiety and sympathy strongly marked on her still handsome face—"my lord, we must save this wretched man. He was the dupe of others.

If he is hanged, I shall never rest in my bed. God in His great mercy and by His protecting providence saved my dear husband : it is like a message to me from heaven that I must do all I can to save Doherty, with his wife and five children, as he has. I am sure hanging will never deter people from crime. The man who is hanged suffers the last penalty of the law and is forgotten. How many have not already perished for these agrarian murders, and yet the examples had no influence to deter Doherty : besides, Doherty did not kill Sir Roderick."

" We don't know, my dear, that he will be hanged," interposed Sir Roderick : " we must wait and see. Nothing can be done till after the trial. Then we can move, if the necessity arise. There will be time for that. Lady Northfield," he continued, " I have asked Northfield and Lionel to go with me to Ireland."

Lady Northfield started back, and her cheeks coloured with surprise ; but after scarcely a moment's hesitation, she said kindly, " well, you will need companions, and I am

sure my husband and Lionel will be glad to try and cheer you in these very trying circumstances."

At this moment Lionel rode past the front windows to the door, and was soon in their company. "I came over," he at once explained, "to see if anything was the matter; my father and mother stayed so long, I feared something had gone inopportunately."

"Why, sir," said his mother, assuming a tone of playful reprehension, "were you not here to take part in presenting the address? I hope you are ready to make your humble apologies to Sir Roderick."

"Sir Roderick," began Lionel, in his lively and sportive way: "I humbly apologize. I was in the thick of a stiff problem at the time appointed, and if I did not master it, it would have mastered me. What is the value of a youth's presence at such a gathering when not yet twenty-one, and with no will of his own. I am a nobody for a few months longer."

"Well, Lionel," said Sir Roderick, "there's no occasion to apologize. We have settled,

that, when I go over for the assizes, your father goes with me, and that we take you with us to be executioner in case a verdict of guilty should be returned against Doherty."

"Don't believe in hanging," rejoined Lionel. "Government should itself respect life, if it desire to see life respected. The Mosaic Law is not a christian law. Christ would not have hanged Barabbas, though 'he had committed murder in the insurrection:' but, indeed, he gave himself in exchange for the robber and murderer."

"Doherty has little chance to escape hanging," remarked Lord Northfield, "but I quite believe with Lionel that the capital sentence, even in cases of murder, will ere long be abolished. The question has been largely discussed at various times in Parliament, and the disposition seems certainly to have been growing of late years that we should do better without hanging. This was a favourite view of the question with the late Mr. Wright, and I think was almost the only one he held in which I could agree with him."

"There," Sir Roderick, said Lionel, laughing, "two to one against you. Father and I, two to one against you, and as ladies now vote, I am sure we can count Lady Winifred on our side. What say you Lady Winifred?"

"Oh, I know nothing about the general question, dear Lionel," replied Lady Winifred, "only don't hang Michael Doherty."

"Well, there's no fear of his being hanged, Lady Winifred, if I'm to do it," said Lionel, whose spirits nothing could quail. "If I were you I would have no misgivings on the subject. If he should be condemned to death, I'm sure no Home Secretary, should you petition for a reprieve, would say you nay; but are you joking?" he continued, turning to the baronet, "do you really mean I am to go with father and you?"

"Most certainly," replied Sir Roderick, "if you are of our mind. We have two to one against you should you say nay."

"No nay, for me," replied Lionel, "only too glad to go, and I've just been running the

matter through my mind that I can get back to Cambridge by the beginning of the term, if I don't wait long after the trial."

The friends parted. "God bless you all," said Sir Roderick, as Lord and Lady Northfield and Lionel went away. "I will let you know in a day or two when we are to start."

Lady Winifred taking Lord Northfield's hand, looked at him tenderly in the face and said, "If we should not meet again before you go, promise me you will see Michael Doherty's wife, and give her this remembrance from me," and she passed something into the hand she had been holding.

It was a £20 note.





## CHAPTER V.

### MR. WORKINGTON VISITS SIR RODERICK NORMAN.

"I TAKE the opportunity of being in the north a short time," said Mr. Workington addressing Sir Roderick, as he was shown into the library at Plashetts, "to pay my respects to Sir Roderick Norman, and offer him my very hearty congratulations."

"Glad to see you, Mr. Workington," said Sir Roderick, extending his hand to his visitor, "my friends have all been very kind. I have not lacked sympathy under my late very trying circumstances."

Sir Roderick and Mr. Workington had sat long on the opposite sides of the House of Commons, Sir Roderick having been all his

life and invariably a follower of the late Lord Tokenham's politics, while Mr. Workington had begun his political career under the tuition of Mr. Freeman, and had been consequently all the time an ultra-radical.

Sir Roderick was aware of the report relating to Mr. Workington's alleged change of views, but had too much tact and good taste to invite hastily political discussion : so referring to Lady Winifred's concern for Doherty, he remarked that "there might be some hope, perhaps, that the extreme sentence of the law would not be carried out."

"I quite enter into Lady Winifred's feelings," said Mr. Workington. "The execution of Doherty could not but very painfully affect her ladyship, more especially as the would-be-assassin happily failed in his wicked design ; but I do not see, I must confess," he continued, "how the Government can be expected to show leniency in such a case. The intention to murder you is too clear."

"There have been no agrarian murders, now in Ireland for some years. During the tem-

porary and mischievous rule of Darnell and the Land Leaguers," observed Sir Roderick, "these crimes were frequent: they ceased with the military occupation, and the overthrow and extinction of that most wicked conspiracy; and most Irish proprietors, like myself, were under the impression that we should hear no more of such acts of violence and villany."

"I fear," remarked Mr Workington, "that Doherty's abominable act is an indication that the spirit of agrarian outrage is not yet defunct; it is but repressed; and breaking out again in this one instance will make the Government believe that we are not yet safe in Ireland, or have, as thoroughly as we ought, regained our supremacy. We must all feel, on which ever side of the House we sit, Sir Roderick, that it is a disgrace to the Government of a civilized country that such crimes and misdemeanours should from time to time arise."

"I am anxious for my part," said Sir Roderick, "that what has happened should not be

a reason for checking the withdrawal of the military."

"I fear it will have that result," said Mr. Workington.

"In my opinion," continued Sir Roderick, "the withdrawal of the military should go on as if nothing of this kind had happened. To show confidence in the Irish people at this time is very different from the course Mr. Glibword and his Cabinet took at the commencement of our late confusions. The circumstances are altogether different. The Glibword Cabinet had literally no rule in Ireland, and to show or pretend to show confidence in the people at that time was practically to confess weakness and incertitude as to what policy should be pursued. At present, I say confidence is what is especially wanted. The Land Leaguers' brief authority has long since been dissipated. State rule is everywhere vindicated. Order has been long re-established; and the Irish people are come, or certainly are fast coming, to feel themselves to be an integral part of the United Kingdom: and

under these improved circumstances, to act as if the Government were again frightened would be to throw Ireland back for fifteen or twenty years."

Mr. Workington felt at once the force and wisdom of the baronet's words. "You must have great experience," he remarked, "of the Irish character, Sir Roderick."

"The fact is, Mr. Workington," Sir Roderick went on, "in England there is very little of Ireland that is known or understood. There has been always too much meddling—mending this and patching that. The folly of conceiving that fundamental changes in the land laws would have effected a cure and quelled the disturbances, as was contested at the beginning of the late commotions, has become evident to every one since such a course was resisted. To have given the Irish cottier a title to the plot he occupied would have really ruined Ireland, and confirmed its ruin as long as the condition should last which such a policy would have produced. To say nothing of the injustice of confiscating property for the sake

of removing a discontent, which should never have been encouraged, the course in question was full of the most ingenious fallacies."

"I see your contention," observed Mr. Workington; "it has great force."

"What would have been the state of the country with actual paupers occupying the soil, in from five to ten or fifteen acres of their own?" said Sir Roderick. "If they kept these holdings they remained paupers all their lives, idle, ragged, and as near barbarians as they could well be. The proper status of these men is that of labourers. The work in such a holding occupied at no time of the year anything like the time that a man, to earn his living, should devote to labour; the rest of the time was wasted or worse."

"Certainly," Mr. Workington confessed, "no man could bring up a family and provide sufficient food or necessities from what he could make out of so small a parcel of land."

"But do not overlook the fact," continued Sir Roderick, "that the law which would have given the fee simple of these small plots to



the occupier, as the Land Leaguers all said, would have given with it the power of sale, and the arrival of the first pinch in such a case would have necessitated parting with the land to the best bidder. By no probability could such a scheme succeed. It was opposed to the simplest principles of political economy."

"I have heard," said Mr. Workington, "that you have abolished all such small holdings throughout your estates?"

"Yes," replied Sir Roderick, "for some years past, with the greatest benefit to all. I have now on my property a regular gradation of classes, as we have here in England. There is the farmer with never less than two hundred acres of land, and under him the hinds and labourers, all working well together, according to their natural subordinations; over all is my agent, and I over him. We have adopted also, in every case, the rule of no fixed rental, as we do here, and the tenants may take leases or not as they please."

"I had the 'no fixed rental plan' explained to me," said Mr. Workington, "not long ago:

it certainly appears to me a plan full of wisdom; it must, however, entail great labour and watchfulness on the agent."

"Nothing," rejoined Sir Roderick, "can be done without patience and trouble; but what is worth doing is always worth doing well. You would be surprised, however, how soon all this comes into an easy groove, and goes on without any extraordinary labour. Another clerk in the agent's office is all that we have needed over a very wide acreage which I have under this management."

"Was Doherty," asked Workington, "who made this wicked attempt on your life, Sir Roderick, a tenant or a labourer on your estate?"

"He was neither one nor the other. He was an emigrant," explained Sir Roderick, "from some neighbouring property, from which he had been evicted some years before. He came to us seeking labour, as I find, but was too idle to do an honest day's work: and his family was always in a state of destitution, through his idle and unsettled habits."

"These habits were the effect, doubtless," said Workington, "which he had acquired while a cottier with nothing to do."

"We have, I think, now," remarked Sir Roderick, "passed through that condition of things. Our labourers are respectable and steady at their work, and earn a comfortable livelihood."

"It seems strange to me," Mr. Workington continued, "that all the years you have said Doherty was waylaying you, the oath by which he bound himself to shoot you did not come out in confession to his priest."

"Well," remarked Sir Roderick, "suppose it did, the priest could not have restrained him against the will and power of the Land Leaguers."

"It would surely be the duty of a priest in such a case, if he had become cognizant through confession of so wicked and dastardly a plot, to give information to the constabulary and prevent the crime," said Mr. Workington.

"The vow of secrecy made by the priests is a solemn thing," observed Sir Roderick; "at

any rate, they so regard it, and it is difficult for you or I to decide how a priest will act under the weight and responsibility of such a vow."

"One cannot but deplore the system which the Church of Rome has adopted," said Mr. Workington, "on this head ; but I have always thought that the Government should insist with the heads of the Church, on some exceptions of a special character, embracing, for instance, such crimes as Doherty's, and let the Bishops know that Government would hold the priests as accessories before or after, as the case might be. The Bishops would then give special instructions to their priests on the subject, so that crimes might be anticipated and prevented."

"That might do good, I admit," said Sir Roderick, "but I do not see that it would be very different in the case of the ministers of the Church of England. Though confessions are seldom made to them, yet I take it equal secrecy would be observed."

Glibword made an egregious blunder in



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disestablishing the Church in Ireland," remarked Mr. Workington with much emphasis. "It was an erroneous and most mischievous policy. Statesmen cannot, in a Christian country, carry on the Government without the indirect help of a Church. Experience shows that, sooner or later, in the curious complications which arise in the social economy, religious influences and prepossessions require guidance and regulation. There is an absolute force in religion dominating men's minds and dispositions, of which mere temporal power cannot pretend to be the equal. If the State therefore would retain a proper hold over its people, it must keep in friendly relation with its Church, and I think no statesman in these days would hesitate between which to choose for its ally, the Church of England or the Church of Rome. Disestablishment flung the Church of Ireland over, and did not attempt to open any state connection with Rome, were it possible. Consequently, since disestablishment has been carried out, the State has lost for itself what power and in-

fluence for good it formerly possessed in the Church.

“Speaking as a statesman, Mr. Workington,” said Sir Roderick, “no doubt your conclusions are right. As churchmen, we have often felt the Church is hampered by the State and would be glad to be rid of its incubus. But I must confess, having regard to the welfare of the State as a whole, I consider disestablishment to have been pernicious in Ireland. I am not Erastian in my views, yet I cannot but see the folly of the State surrendering a means of power and authority which it may utilize with great advantage. In Ireland all this power has been lost, dissipated in the liberty and equality of the two Churches.”

“Which two Churches in Ireland,” added Mr. Workington, “have now to struggle with each other for supremacy, and in the contest, if one may be guided by observation of what is going on, they seem to be proceeding very much like the two ‘Kilkenny cats.’” Workington rose.

“Come in and see Lady Winifred before

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you go," said Sir Roderick. "She will be sorry not to shake you by the hand. Are you staying any time at Northfield?"

"I am staying with my old schoolfellow, Robertson," replied Workington, "and it is very difficult to get away from his hospitable home. He was chairman of your committee, he tells me, at the last general election. I know no one who has varied so little in his opinions as my old friend, and I greatly respect him. His judgment is always sound and good. I return to Polinghurst in a couple of days."





## CHAPTER VI.

### SAINT LAWRENCE MILLS.

“So you found Sir Roderick at home,” observed Mr. Robertson to his friend Workington, as they sat together in the counting house of St. Lawrence Mills. “He’s a great favourite with us all here. Always at the head of the poll at a general election, his seat has been perfectly unassailable; and most deservedly is, for he’s a good neighbour, a kind master, and most benevolent and upright man. We shall lose him, however, I fear, for the report is that he has the offer of a peerage. Did you see Lady Winifred? She is as popular as her husband, beloved by everybody, a paragon of a woman: the personification of true woman-

hood, kind, gentle, considerate towards all. No trouble comes on that family but the neighbours are all affected by it, as if it were their own. It's a privilege and a pleasure to live in close proximity to such people. Lord and Lady Northfield are just such another pair, and their son—an only child—Lionel Grantley, will, I venture to prophesy, be some day a very prominent and distinguished man. But of course you know Lord and Lady Northfield.

“Well, really, Robertson,” replied Workington, “you ask me so many questions all at once that I hardly know where to begin answering you. First, I may tell you I did see Lady Winifred, and greatly shocked I was. She has this heavy sorrow and dread weighing on her heart, that she looks ill and depressed more than I can tell you.”

“We have seen nothing of her in the town,” said Robertson, “since they returned from Ireland. Before that, generally twice, always once a week, she has driven to Northfield with her three children, shopping and calling

on her neighbours, and making herself, as usual, agreeable to every one she knows in every rank of life. I hear on all sides she has been most painfully affected by the occurrence of which so much has naturally been said."

"I find her indeed, I regret to say," remarked Workington, "very much altered. Always so bright and bouyant before, she is much changed and seems overborne by the contemplation of the miserable end which awaits Sir Roderick's assailant. She can speak of nothing else to anybody. It occupies all her thoughts; you may say, her whole being; and she speaks of it with tears in her eyes. I feel the deepest sympathy with her."

"I fear till the trial is over, which is to come on the next Cork assizes," said Robertson, "we cannot expect to find her better, but should the miscreant be hanged, which to me seems inevitable, I dread the consequences to Lady Winifred's health. If she does not break down altogether, we may expect some very serious indisposition to follow. I was only yesterday talking to Dr. Stevens. He visits

her every day and is full of concern on her account. He says there is no bodily ailment whatever, and comforts us all with this assurance, but then he added you know mental disease is full of difficulty, and one can never prognosticate the result."

"Poor lady, poor lady," said Workington, "I do indeed feel for her. One would have thought that joy at her husband's escape would have put all other reflections out of her mind. But it has not been so. From the first she has been haunted by the miseries of Doherty and his wife, and morbidly regards Sir Roderick as the innocent cause of their destruction. A more painful case never came within my experience. She thinks the priest to whom Doherty confessed should have prevented the crime from being committed, and she persistently maintains that he might have done so."

"That," remarked Robertson, "is an assumption that Doherty really did confess to his priest how he was bound by an oath to shoot Sir Roderick. To me it seems very im-

probable that he should have divulged it to any priest, or any one at all."

"We may never know," said Workington, "how this is. The Roman priests have wonderful tact and skill in extracting from those who confess all that they have in their minds."

"Yes," added Robertson, "we shall probably never know. But in cases of political crime, or where murder is contemplated, a Government should have some means of compelling notification. The very safety of the community demands this. Do you suppose what has recently occurred with regard to the Roman Church may make any difference on this subject?"

"It was downright folly, I must maintain," said Workington, "for Government to release its hold of religious influence over Ireland by disestablishing the Church there. I am glad I was not in the House at that time. Radical as I was when I began my political life, and too young at that time also to be in Parliament, I am sure all my instincts would have revolted from such a course. It will take years for the

Churches in Ireland to coalesce : far longer than in England."

" You have not yet told me," said Robertson, " about your last visits to Roscott. I call them last visits, but I suppose you still occasionally go there—you know what I mean : you can never go there now with the same interest as you did in the good cardinal's time."

" No, indeed," said Workington ; " but I do occasionally go. The occupants of the college still adhere to the conviction that they have been deceived in what has occurred, and they, unfortunately for me, associate my doings with the plot, as they call it, which has cap-sized their communion in England. You see I am regarded there as a *bête-noir* ; so I keep away all I can, and go only as an occasional act of civility. The school is still carried on, though with greatly diminished numbers, and, of course, all the theological department has been for some time broken up, and has disappeared."

" Well, and about the cardinal ? " repeated Robertson.

"The recollections, my dear friend," said Workington, "are very painful. He died as a Christian man should die: in peace with all mankind, and in the full faith and love of God, and trust in our Saviour. The office of vespers was being sung within his hearing as he passed to his rest. I enjoyed long and most interesting conversations with him towards the close of his life; and it so happened that I was present with him when the end came."

"How painfully singular and affecting," remarked Robertson. "How came it about?"

"It all happened very naturally," replied Workington. "For some time my intimacy with him had been growing. He liked me to call on him as often as I was able. Our conversations were nearly always on politics or religion, in which he was entirely absorbed. His perfect realization of God's continual presence gave a religious tone and colour to all that occupied his thoughts."

"Yes?" said Robertson, deeply interested in what he heard.

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“He had long before known, I think I told you,” continued Workington, “that I had changed my religious views, and very much my political opinions, and whether he thought at first that he might gain me over to his Church, and take me one step more in the acknowledgment of the truth (to use an expression of which he was very fond), I cannot positively tell. I have never quite decided this point in my own mind. But if he ever had any such intention, he must have early abandoned it, because he discovered in the course of our conversation that I never considered he was justified in quitting the Church of England.”

“How not justified?” asked Mr. Robertson. “If he were not satisfied with the tenets and ritual of the Church of England, I suppose, having respect to his conscience, he could have hardly remained?”

“My opinion on that point,” said Workington, “may be singular: but I am satisfied I convinced the cardinal that the view I put before him was a sound view, and one which

is too much disregarded in these days of separation."

"Pray, explain yourself more fully," asked Mr. Robertson.

"Our Prayer-Book confesses," replied Workington, "that we are in great danger by our unhappy 'divisions.' Does it not follow logically that if one man, according to his own judgment, can find a justification in leaving the Church, another man may; and on this ground men may continually separate from Church Communion on the most trivial excuse? But if our Lord instituted but one Church, and if there is but one Communion of Saints, there must be some means of keeping that Church one and holding its members together."

"As an abstract proposition," said Robertson, "I quite agree with you. I am well satisfied with my own church, and have happily never had any temptation to leave it; but I can easily conceive many differences which disturb men on various points; and what alternative have they but to go? Surely at this day,

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Workington, you of all men will not quarrel with religious toleration? "

"Not for a moment," said Workington, "would I quarrel with any such thing as religious toleration: but I think that toleration should be inside—all inside—and not outside the Church."

"I am afraid you puzzle me a little," said Robertson. . "What did the cardinal say to your view? "

"I am quite sure he thoroughly comprehended and appreciated it. Before his death, only about an hour before it, we were quite by ourselves, and he asked me to pray with him 'the prayer for Unity,' which I did; and his remark afterwards was that he feared he had too much, as many others had done, disregarded it."

"But men are separated by very wide differences," observed Robertson, replying to his friend's argument: "this is only too palpable."

"But why drive them from the Church, you may allege that they separate of their

own accord, and are not driven out: but the Church really becomes exclusive, instead of comprehensive, when not even trivial differences within it are tolerated." Workington was growing warm in the debate, and continued: "we are exhorted by the Apostle to the Gentiles 'earnestly to contend for the faith once delivered to the saints.' I have never doubted, in my own mind, that this direction refers to internal controversies and discussions which should always be encouraged within the Church, that its *dogmata* may remain pure and sound. And my first conclusion from this is that any having differences or being dissatisfied with what they regard the Church as teaching, their duty is to remain in the Church and get that rectified which they regard as erroneous. If there were toleration *within* the Church, all occasion of separation would be taken away."

"I like your way, Workington, of discussing this certainly most important subject," observed Mr. Robertson; "there is much in what you say. But really one has been so long accustomed to live surrounded by denominations of all sorts



and kinds, that the simple method of Union which you point out has never struck me, or the need and value of it."

"The mischief of these multiplied denominations is," Mr. Workington went on, "that men of slender religious impressions, and those who have none, are constantly tempted to ask Pilate's question, 'what is truth?' If a free and generous toleration were observed, and men were contending merely *inside* the Church, on disputed or controverted points, the condition of the Church before the world would not present the aspect, as it now does, of a divided and distracted body. You will admit, I feel sure, Robertson, that this would be a better state of things, than that which now prevails; and certainly unbelief, and the more open forms of infidelity, would not in so large a degree exist. Agnostics would assuredly not have the plea, which they have urged for years, 'you Churchmen and professed believers in Scripture, cannot tell us what to believe, for you are not agreed amongst yourselves.' Disputes in the Church would be but disputes,

they would not be marked differences, so distinctly defined that men are torn asunder by them, one from another, and feel they must set up rival communions."

"And the substance of all this you frequently discussed, you say, with the cardinal," Robertson remarked. "He was a man of broad wisdom and deep sagacity. Could he discover any flaw in your view?"

Mr. Workington replied: "the last remark he made to me as to it was, that it had never been sufficiently discussed. It was comparatively new to him, except so far as it had been with ourselves a very frequent topic of conversation. He said, that had it been adopted universally by the Church, there would have been no schisms, except in the case of acknowledged heresies, and referring to the instructions received before in the letters which came from Rome, he remarked that union would one day again exist throughout the Churches of Christendom, and men would gladly exclaim, 'this is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.'"

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“Did he express any opinion after the receipt of the pope’s letter?” enquired Robertson further, unwilling to bring the conversation to a close, which had interested him so deeply, “as to the *status* of the Church of England?”

“Most certainly he did,” replied Workington. “His labour would have been directed, he said, to rectifying anything in the Church of England, where he considered it might hold what was short of catholic truth. The Church of England, he observed, did indeed maintain all that was necessary to salvation, the Creeds, the Sacraments, her belief in the canon of Scripture. Its orders were not doubtful but for the interdict; so that if that were worn out or revoked, its unbroken continuity showed it to be the true branch of the Church Catholic in England, to which all the faithful would owe allegiance. A great deal more he added at various times, all bearing out the same view, which, to my mind, is not capable of refutation.

“I followed him to his last resting-place,” added Workington, “amidst a throng of sorrow-

ing friends. He had enacted a remarkable part in life, beloved by all who associated with him, respected in the communion he had left, solaced by the reflection, as he himself expressed it, 'that what we know not now, we shall know hereafter.'"

The conversation thus ended, Robertson excused himself for a short time that he might walk through his mills, as was his custom before leaving for the day. "If you don't care to go round with me," said Robertson, addressing Workington, "run over to Talbot. I know he wants to see you, and tell him I will join you in his office in less than half-an-hour. You know we are to dine with him to-day."





## CHAPTER VII.

SIR RODERICK AND LADY WINIFRED NORMAN.

"I AM glad," said Lady Winifred, "you brought Mr. Workington in with you to luncheon. He always makes himself agreeable, Roderick."

"Yes, and his conversation," responded Sir Roderick, "is always worth listening to. I think since he has so changed his ultra-opinions to something sound and reasonable, not many surpass him in good sense. I remember when he first took his seat in the House. He came with a high reputation; and it was thought, if a Liberal Government should come in, it would not be unlikely he might be asked to sit in the Cabinet."

"Oh, yes, I recollect all that," said Lady Winifred. "We had not long been married."

"No, my dear," continued Sir Roderick. "At that time Lord Tokenham was in power, and the Conservative Government was considered so strong and secure, that no one at the general election which was at hand, through Parliament coming to an end by effluxion of time, feared the efforts which Glibword was using to upset the Cabinet, gigantic and unprecedented as those efforts were, and pull the dismembered liberal party together again."

"Those were extraordinary efforts indeed," observed Lady Winifred. "I took more interest in politics at that time. Not that I cared very much for Lord Tokenham. He was too narrow and protestant for me, and was the means of passing that miserable and wicked 'Public Worship Regulation Act,' which so disturbed the peace of mind of our then good vicar, Mr. Pemberton. He always declared the Act to be most unconstitutional, and foretold that trouble must come out of it. Lord Tokenham would have flourished well in

the reign of William the Third, but for these days he was too one-sided."

"And Pemberton was quite right, as it turned out," said Sir Roderick. "Tokenham, as you suggest, was a churchman of two hundred years ago, and would, had he lived then, have persecuted and incarcerated the non-jurors. But we have changed all that. I always believe that measure cost Tokenham his place. It was astonishing the number of churchmen he alienated, and who withdrew their support. Besides, he gave great offence by his selection of very indifferent men for Bishops—men of very puritanical views, as well as Erastian, which are quite opposed to the spirit of our times."

"I never thought so much," said Lady Winifred, "of the causes of Lord Tokenham's defeat, as of Glibword's success, owing as it was mainly to his own indomitable exertions."

"Without doubt, my dear," observed Sir Roderick, "it was a herculean task which Glibword undertook and accomplished. But his reign was short because his victory was not

sound. Well, it was in the Cabinet which Glibword then formed, our friend Workington had found his first official post, and was admitted a member of the Privy Council. Glibword had no settled foreign policy. He was obliged to walk very much in Tokenham's shoes. He pleaded the restrictions of the Berlin Treaty, yet he never carried them out. And as to Ireland, he was very soon upset by the Land Leaguers and agitators, under the ridiculous conviction that to treat Ireland with conciliation would win back those who had abjured his rule. Never was a more mistaken course devised for governing an excitable people like the Irish, who naturally imputed his leniency to weakness, and his passing no measures of restraint till driven to it, to a lack of courage. Then, of course, he was inconsistent in many other ways. A wise course to have taken would have been when he found in Ireland so many men who had paramount influence in the country to have selected one or two of the best, made them join the Cabinet, and so have thrown on them the responsibility

of governing Ireland. He should have acted more on Sidney Smith's principle, not to quarrel with a man, but to ask him to dinner."

"It must be since those days that Mr. Workington has so altered his views?" enquired Lady Winifred.

"Yes, when I first knew him he professed ultra-radical opinions. Many of us regarded him as a downright Republican. But there was something, nevertheless, quite indescribable perhaps, which seemed to show these opinions sat uncomfortably on him. He was very much under the influence of Freeman and Muffit, who then represented the triangular borough of Polinghurst. But there were wise heads in the House who had a better opinion of him than many others, and who predicted a day would come when his views would be different, and most certainly the change came sooner than could have been anticipated. He will live to lead, we shall see, if we are spared. The Tory party, or, as they are now so fond of calling it, the Constitutional party, will hereafter invite him to be their head, but not yet,

he is not ripe for that at present, but he is fast growing up to it. In the next Liberal Cabinet that is formed, probably under Lord Partington, Workington is sure to hold high office, most likely as one of the three Secretaries of State, but he will take it, be assured, only under strong pressure from the party from which he is striving to get free. He will fill it with impatience and much discomfort to himself; and it will end in his kicking clean over the traces and capsizing the Partington coach."

"What a talk on politics we are having, my dear Roderick," interposed Lady Winifred. "But I do think, Mr. Workington's career is already a very interesting one. He makes no secret whatever of his altered views. The marvel will be that the leaders of the party he first served should ever again be willing to trust him. They must know how changed are his opinions."

"The fact is," Sir Roderick explained, "they cannot, my dear, do without him. His help would be everything to them. To

keep him out of the Cabinet, they know fast enough, would be only to drive him into more open opposition. He is almost the best speaker in the House. He was a practised speaker when he entered it ; and to a man who sticks to business as he has done, and who has also held office, the forms and rules of the House soon become familiar, so that his influence is great. A Liberal Cabinet, if it comes again into power, could do nothing without Workington, unless it be deferred for more years than I think it will, in which case, likely enough, Workington will have advanced too far in constitutional ideas to be available."

"Well, I hope he may live to be useful to his country. He expressed to me to-day much sympathy with our late trial," said Lady Winifred.

"He has a kind heart as well as a wise head," remarked Sir Roderick. "Workington is a man of real but sober and earnest religious feeling. A man who loves truth. A man who is thoroughly honest in his convictions, and who has the full courage of his opinions. That

he is Robertson's friend has been to me from the first a very strong recommendation."

"We are very fortunate in having in Northfield," said Lady Winifred, "such a numerous band of sound Churchmen and true patriots, who are willing to be led by such men as Mr. Bell, the vicar, Mr. Talbot and Mr. Robertson. Education has done very much for them all. Education, I remember some years ago, had the effect on the middle classes of merely inflating them with false pride, and an exalted but most erroneous notion of their own importance."

"Yes, but that is much changed too," interposed Sir Roderick. "Education is much sounder as well as higher, and the middle classes begin to see their true position and the great stake they have in the good government of the country, on which so much of our prosperity depends. I don't think Northfield is exceptionally occupied by men of the solid and useful kind to which you refer. I believe they are common now in most of the towns of England and Scotland. I won't say as



much for Ireland, yet Ireland, as we know, is advancing, and advancing rapidly. But some years must elapse before the middle classes there will be on an equality with those in England. In some sense, I may say, a real middle class has yet to be made."

"Oh Ireland!" exclaimed Lady Winifred.

It was unfortunate that Sir Roderick, inadvertently no doubt, had made such direct allusion to the sister Island. Lady Winifred was at once upset by it and burst into tears.

"Oh Ireland," she continued, "that wretched but lovely land, which has been too long the prey of agitators and evil councils. Would to God that something could be done for the permanent benefit of its miserable people!"

"My dear," said Sir Roderick, in a voice purposely affecting a tone of remonstrance, "we and how many others have for years past used our best efforts, and expended money without stint to ameliorate our tenantry. How many Irish proprietors, I say, are not doing the same, from the purest and most benevolent motives?"

“But they never long permit this improvement to go forward,” rejoined Lady Winifred. “There seems a sad fatality over the land, now keeping it depressed. When the agitators and Land Leaguers are afraid to avow themselves openly, as they did have the courage to do before the fall of the Glibword Cabinet, you know not what to expect;” and her bright eyes flashed fire as she spoke, and the colour mounted in her cheeks. “Are they working mischief still, but in a covert way? Are they again spreading the poison of the old conspiracy to destroy the true friends and benefactors of the country; and will they not rest till they have accomplished the ruin and destruction of the land? Is it not thus and through these causes your own dear, valued, useful life was attempted the other day? Think of the misery which has sprung out of this one wicked crime! Think of her who must soon be a widow with five helpless children! Think of the wide misery which must come in the continued occupation of the country longer by the military, and the further over-



throw of all confidence which must follow. My poor brain wearies in reflecting on it all. My poor heart sinks as I think of it. Oh Roderick, Roderick," she exclaimed and sank back on the pillow of the sofa on which she had been reclining, sobbing and crying like a child, in a paroxysm of incontrollable grief.

"Nay, my darling," said Sir Roderick flying to her side, and kneeling down on one knee the better to administer comfort: "do not lay this, I entreat you, so seriously to heart. There is no ground for these sad forebodings. It may turn out better than you expect, and he pressed her hand, and wiped her tears away and urged her to be more calm.

"I know I am weak and foolish, dear Roderick," she continued: "but you will do your best that the man shall not be hanged. Don't you quite think our good work will be upset and frustrated by what has happened—that the country may be thrown back for years by this new outbreak of agrarian crime?"

"No, dear, no, be sure it is nothing but an

isolated case," said Sir Roderick ; " and after a while, when no such event is found to occur again, confidence in the people will quickly return. Our improvements are happily so great everywhere, not only in our own estates, but in so many others, that a return to the old state of things is most unlikely ; may I not say impossible ? "

" I will hope then, and will pray it may," said Lady Winifred. " You do think so, dear,—yes—yes "—and she fell into a sweet sleep.





## CHAPTER VIII.

TALBOT, ROBERTSON AND WORKINGTON DINE.

MR. TALBOT, being a bachelor, the three gentlemen sat down to dinner without the presence of any of the gentle sex.

His friends often wondered why Mr. Talbot had remained single.

In person, a man whom you would pronounce to be decidedly good-looking; of good figure, tall, lithe, and masculine; in temper and disposition, even and bright; he was to those who knew him in every way fitted to have made a wife supremely happy.

Mr. Talbot had inherited an ample fortune from his father, whose eldest son he was, and with it the extensive mills which stood not far

from Robertson's. He had been educated at Eton and Cambridge, and for a short time had held a fellowship for the sake of keeping up his association with the University. He filled a leading and influential position in his native town of Northfield, where his family had been favourably known and well-established during the three or four generations since it became a manufacturing centre, and he was regarded as some day likely to represent the borough, which in consequence of its large and increasing population, had the privilege of returning three members to the House of Commons, like Polinghurst, of which his friend Mr. Workington was the junior member.

Mr. Talbot could hardly be said to have yet reached middle age, and fond as he was of society, and a warm admirer of the fair sex, that he continued unmarried was one of those social enigmas which is not easily solved. He was regarded, of course, by all the mothers who had eligible daughters on their hands, as a decided catch, and the garden parties, which through the summer season were given in the

extensive grounds of the modern mansion connected with the mills, were always assiduously attended by as large and fashionable a company as Northfield and the immediate neighbourhood could produce.

Those who assumed to take an eager interest in Mr. Talbot, uniformly ascribed his single life to some early disappointment. This was pure fiction. Mr. Talbot had contracted bachelor habits while he held his fellowship at Cambridge, and it never occurred to him to throw them off. Mr. Talbot was heart-whole as the veriest tyro who might be taking his first dancing lesson, or preparing to make his *entrée* into society. Still, extensive as the town of Northfield was, and wide and various as were its social circles, it could not get on without its silly chattering, and often very harmless scandals. "After all," opined the chief coterie of ladies in the town, who were approaching the time of life when spinsterhood is regarded as a fixture, and were of a speculative turn of mind, "Mr. Talbot may still think of marriage. We should not wonder!

Many men marry after they have turned forty," and Mr. Talbot, they knew, had not reached that age by several years.

But Mr. Talbot was not unhappy because of his ignorance of their kind thoughtfulness of him, and went on in his own old bachelor ways, maliciously rejoicing for the present at any rate in his freedom and independence.

Dinner ended, the gentlemen retired into the billiard-room for a smoke and talk.

"Come," said Workington, "you and Robertson play. I know you are both masters of this craft: but as for myself, I could never make much hand of it. Let me look on."

"Well," said Talbot, addressing Robertson, "come along then, I'll do you battle, though I have no gauntlet to throw down. Choose your weapons," he added, selecting a cue for himself. "It's not the first time by many we have been deadly rivals. You'll find several newly tipped in the stand, Robertson. They are all of the right sort. Choose your weapon, I say, and we'll begin the mortal strife."

"You have a new table," observed Working-



ton, "since I was last here. It's surely an unusually fast one."

"Yes, it's new and good," replied Talbot, "with all the latest improvements. The cushions are quick, for I like to keep pace with the times. What do you smoke, Workington?"

"Oh, anything you have going," said Workington, "I am not particular."

"Let me recommend you to try, if you don't know them," interposed Robertson, "one of these South African cheroots; to my fancy, they beat the old Havannah all to pieces."

"No, they are new to me, quite new," said Workington. "I was not aware tobacco was being cultivated in South Africa. I suppose the cheroots are manufactured here."

"Not a bit of it," said Talbot. "There are several factories out there, and more are being built. I have some shares in one of the largest, and it is doing very well."

"In what part do you say those factories are?" inquired Workington.

"Well, the one I am in," replied Talbot,

“is in the country of the Bomvanos, where they grow wonderfully fine and delicate leaf. I have had some excellent wool from that part, and it was the merchant who sent me the last cargo, who made me a present of some boxes of the cheroots, and asked me to let him know what I thought of them. He said the local trade in them was extending so fast that he hardly thought any would be forthcoming for export. Come Robertson, you know more about this than I do ; tell him where there are other factories.”

“Other factories,” said Robertson, his thoughts thus diverted from his game ; “bother the other factories ; you’ve made me miss that middle pocket, and I had a splendid break on.”

“Never mind, old man, tell us,” Talbot repeated, “where the other factories are. There’s a better chance for me.”

“You shall suffer for it,” said Robertson, “I’ll pay you out.”

“Well, the largest of them,” continued Robertson, “are at Bloemfontein, where there

are two. There's another somewhere in Basuto-land, but I won't pretend to pronounce the name. At the head of it is the grandson of the old chief, N'guilso, who gave us for a time so much trouble. There is another building in Pondoland. The chiefs are taking it up with the greatest advantage to the country. They begin to understand the blessings of peace, and see how much better it is to plant tobacco than to stand out against the Government and be shot down by the military, as was the case some fifteen or sixteen years ago."

"No doubt," observed Workington, "that was a wise course we adopted to send out commissions of farmers and manufacturers, with instructions, regardless of expense so to speak, to start the proper cultivation of the soil with suitable products, and so teach the use and value of what could be grown in various centres of South Africa."

"Take care, Talbot," interrupted Robertson, "if you don't, he'll have you in the thick of politics directly. There, that wasn't bad—

that makes twenty-seven, and the break not over yet;" and Robertson stopped to chalk his cue, take breath, and relieve his excitement.

"I expect," said Talbot, not heeding Robertson's badinage, "to hear from my correspondent by the next mail that cotton and sugars will be soon largely exported from the same parts. Preparations for these staple articles have long been making, but it has taken time to teach the poor blacks to understand and use the crushing and winnowing mills, but they are getting into it lately, my friend says, much better. He tells me, and it's amusing rather to think of it, how the natives were at first alarmed to such a degree by the mills and the rattle of the machinery that they ran away, and could not be induced, either by threats or coaxing, to come near them a second time."

"Forty-two," almost shouted Robertson in ecstasies, for it was the largest break he had made in his life; "and not done yet."

"Well, I think I may sit down a bit: let

me know when you have finished," said Talbot, and he rang and ordered coffee.

"They've got over their fears now, I suppose?" asked Workington.

"Oh, yes," replied Talbot; "but oddly enough, or ought I not to say naturally enough, when the poor fellows found the machinery was really not alive, they conceived the greatest love and admiration for it, and were always wanting to touch it and pull it about; and the difficulty was to make them comprehend that if they got entangled in it they might lose their lives: as it was, I can't tell you how many finger ends were nipped off, and how many legs broken and arms damaged, before they came to a right understanding with regard to it, and learned to use their common sense like civilized beings."

"Very interesting," observed Workington; "I shall enjoy the next cheroot all the better for knowing this."

"It was well considered," resumed Talbot, "in sending out experts for this good purpose. The ordinary farmer in South Africa could

teach the people little or nothing. He would have his own way to make and his own interests to look after, and you could never expect men in the primeval condition of the Kaffirs, Pondos, Basutos and others, to learn merely by looking on. They wanted what only experts will do, to take up their abode among these people, and devote all their time to show them this, that and the other, of which they were in complete ignorance. Even the veriest rudiments of agriculture they had to learn, and if this were relinquished to the mere looking-on system, centuries might be consumed before any steps of consequence had been made. The same with manufactures and engineering."

"Missed it, I declare," said Robertson, interrupting Talbot in his dissertation on South African progress, and the ways and means of its accomplishment; and knocking the butt end of his cue on the floor, he exclaimed, "how could I be so careless and stupid: the easiest stroke of the lot. Fifty-two in all: not a bad break either."

"The best he ever made in his life, Work-

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ington," observed Talbot. "Now, it's my turn. How stands the game?"

"Thirty-five to seventy-eight," replied Robertson, as he marked his score.

"Then you haven't a chance," declared Talbot. "Don't go into factories and tobacco, sugars, niggers, cottons, or wool, Workington, there's a good fellow, and I'll show you what a man can do on his own table. Robertson, I tell you, you haven't a chance." And he gave a hearty laugh, in which his friends joined him. "Now for it."

All were silent. Talbot got the balls well in hand, and was spinning along famously. All were intent on the game, and a feeling of suspense was growing, as the game became very exciting. Workington got quietly off the cushioned seat, lit his second cheroot, and returned to his place as quietly.

"Two more," said Talbot, passing round the table to his own ball. "How many does that make, Robertson? How stands the score now?"

"Ninety-four; seventy-eight;" answered

Robertson : "you have made a break of fifty-nine, and well made too."

"You are sure to open out good markets," began Workington quite incontinently; but though he checked himself at once, it was too late. Talbot missed his stroke, and Robertson resumed play.

The game became ninety-nine all.

"Its mine," cried Robertson, as he put down his adversary's ball into the bottom pocket over which it had rolled without dropping in. "Thank you for a brilliant contest."

"You have neither of you forgotten how to play, I see," observed Workington.

And the coffee was brought in.

They remained in conversation till a late hour of the night.

The three friends had been intimate for years, two of them in their school days and since. They took in common, one with the other, the liveliest interest in almost all public questions, varying something in their views, but only in such measure as gave zest and spirit to their observations.



Naturally enough, they reverted to the topic mentioned incidentally in the billiard room.

Workington was of opinion that a great mistake had been made at the end of the Kaffir war by Glibword and the Cabinet of which he himself was a member at the time, in recalling from the Government of South Africa Sir Tharkell Brere. "I opposed that course," he said, "as strongly as I could. Sir Tharkell Brere was well known throughout Africa as a true friend and well-wisher of all the native races, and his recall prejudiced them against England. He was the victim of mere party spirit. Because he had received his appointment from Lord Tokenham, he must come home urged Mr. Glibword, and though he could produce no better reason, the Cabinet was weak enough to give way to his whim."

"That's a good long time ago," observed Talbot. "Forget past blunders and let dead men rest in peace. I dare say we have all made mistakes in our time. The policy we have followed of late years in Africa has been decidedly successful. It is teaching the natives

to settle themselves down quietly and peaceably in the places they may select, and to feel they have protection through their neighbourhood with any of the white population. They are finding profitable occupations of various kinds on the spot, and they are fast getting out of their wandering and marauding habits. This is a great gain."

"And," said Robertson taking up the conversation, "it is curious to trace extraordinary results, as we may very often do, to very trifling causes. It happened one day that a low class of settler in Kaffir-land, a white man, was detected in lifting, as they call it there, a cow belonging to a native. The thief was at once taken before the resident magistrate, and sentenced heavily for the crime, as he deserved. The effect of this righteous judgment through the whole district was of the most valuable and beneficial kind. The natives talked it over among themselves, and gained confidence quickly in the English rule, which had showed no favouritism. It went the round of the country, and the natives soon became

convinced their property was as secure as that of the white settlers, or that in case of wrong they had a remedy equally with those who administered the law."

"That of course," said Workington, "made them feel they were protected, and the value of it. The old-fashioned plan, bristling with rifles and bayonets, made them feel they were invaded."

"Yes, the sooner we can turn," remarked Robertson, "'swords into ploughshares and spears into pruning hooks', the better for mankind every where. I would far prefer to see a bishop and a goodly train of priests and deacons sent to rule a new colony where there are native races, than a general with ten or fifteen regiments at his back."

"I don't know that altogether," resumed Workington. "Certainly, I admit, I have great faith in the Church, and regard it as the best handmaid of civilization; but many native races are nothing better than savages. You cannot trust them. They get alarmed without reason, and turn on their benefactors, and re-

quire at times to be ruled with an iron hand. It might sometimes be a great mistake to take the milder method."

"Well, perhaps, the surest course," remarked Talbot, "is to put your two plans together. That is what we have done in almost every instance. There may be occasions in which a colonizing power like England should show that it has a strong arm, to which it is better it should not be driven to appeal. It must be very difficult for native races to understand our intentions. Their first impression must needs be that we come to subjugate them, to despoil them of their land, impressions which do not get removed till we have shown them the advantages they may themselves gain by permitting us to share it with them and introduce them to the benefits of civilization."

"The fact is," said Robertson, "we must colonize and occupy to make markets. This is essential to the prosperity of England, and the whole world is competing with us already in almost every branch of manufacture. If we have insufficient outlets, the consequences

are not difficult to predicate. But come," he continued, looking at his watch, "it's high time for all respectable people to be abed." And, lighting a cigar, he and Mr. Workington bade good night to Mr. Talbot and walked back to Saint Lawrence.





## CHAPTER IX.

### LADY NORTHFIELD AND LADY WINIFRED NORMAN.

LADY NORTHFIELD found Lady Winifred with her eldest girl, Marion, by her side. After lessons were over in the morning, it was Lady Winifred's invariable habit to have Marion to sit with her. The other children walked with the governess. Lady Winifred and Marion worked together and conversed, and thus they passed many a pleasant hour, while it gave Marion imperceptibly an advantage in her mother's society preparing her for the position she would occupy in a few years.

"You may run away now, Marion," said Lady Winifred, after they had both shaken

hands with Lady Northfield. "Tell the little ones when they come home they shall come down to me by-and-bye." This message referred to a sister and brother, the latter not long out of the nursery.

"Marion grows much," remarked Lady Northfield, as Miss Norman ran out of the room. "She must be fourteen or fifteen years old. I ought to know exactly, for I had her in my arms when she was but a baby, and my boy Lionel was just twenty last birthday. I always reckon, not counting odd months, there are about five years' difference between them."

"Yes," assented Lady Winifred, "Marion will be fifteen next birthday."

"When does Sir Roderick go?" asked Lady Northfield, thinking it better to put the question without circumlocution. You know that Lionel as well as my husband are going with him. I shall be lonely, you know, without them, and I want you to come and stay with me as long as they may be away."

"Ah, my dear friend," replied Lady Winifred, after a short pause, as if she had been

considering the answer she should make, "I know your goodness, but I think I should be better alone. I should only try you with my many and heavy griefs. It would be very nice though, to have you to talk to as the trial comes on."

"Well, you will come," continued Lady Northfield, "won't you? Marion is too young at present to be a companion for you at such a time. The change to Rushbrook would do you good. Say you will!"

"Thank you, thank you—I will," said Lady Winifred, laying her hand on that of Lady Northfield. "You are very good. I do feel it will be a comfort, and I am sure Sir Roderick will rejoice at the arrangement. You are very kind."

After a pause of a few minutes, Lady Winifred renewed, "I cannot tell you when he goes. I have not yet had the courage to ask him. When I think of it my mind is haunted by visions of more guns pointed at him behind walls, and all the roads through which he has to pass seem lined with assassins. I know this



is very foolish, and that nothing is more improbable than that he should be again attacked. Yet I cannot suppress these evil forebodings. When will they pass off?" she continued in a sorrowful, impassioned tone.

"They will all pass away," said Lady Northfield, kindly, "be sure they will."

"No, no," cried Lady Winifred, thoroughly and suddenly excited, "no, not if they hang Doherty. If they hang that poor scapegoat, there will be further ills for Ireland. Too much blood has already been shed in that long ill-fated country. God will avenge it. He must, for He is just."

"Be composed, dear Lady Winifred," Lady Northfield said in a tender, beseeching voice. "Your friends will be unable to express sympathy with you if they see the mere mention of this subject disturb you so much."

"Oh no," replied Lady Winifred; "it comforts me unspeakably to talk to you in this way. It's bad to lock it up here," she said, pointing to her bosom. "Speech has been given us as tears have: they are sure means

of relief. I like talking with you, if it does not tire you, dear Lady Northfield."

"If you can stay for luncheon, dear," continued Lady Winifred, "we can ask Sir Roderick. I expect him to return soon. He has only gone across the park to the steward's house, and would go nowhere else, he told me. Let me ring and have the carriage put up."

Lady Northfield at once consented. She felt that Lady Winifred was in no state to be left, and though her remaining would be attended with some inconvenience, she would not think of excusing herself, and perhaps vex her dear and suffering friend. Dr. Stevens had told her that Lady Winifred was morbidly ill in mind; but Lady Northfield confessed to herself she had formed no just conception of the shock her friend had received. She hoped her reason would not fail. That was the fear she had. "Who shall minister to a mind diseased?" was a question which forced itself on her thoughts.

Lord Northfield had told his wife that Sir

Roderick had not informed him of the day of their departure for Ireland.

When Lady Northfield mentioned the subject to her husband, his reply was, he supposed Sir Roderick was waiting to learn the date fixed for the Cork assizes.

It was no longer than a full day's journey from Yorkshire to Cork. They would go through the tube sunk beneath the sea between Port Patrick and Belfast Lough, and thence direct by the South-Western mail to Cork. The tube was beautifully illuminated with electric light, and you could read your paper, if so minded, the whole way. For some years this route had been open, and was taken by all who disliked the sea voyage between Holyhead and Kingston, or desired to save time. If they started a couple of days or so before the day fixed for the assizes, they would be in good time. Sir Roderick might hear now any day or even hour.

"Will you play to me, dear, a little?" asked Lady Winifred; "you know, I love to hear you."

Lady Northfield, unlike many married women of her rank, had never relinquished her music, in which she was proficient, and for which she had always a great natural taste and liking. She was a brilliant pianist, and able at sight to read off new pieces, however difficult. She at once went to the piano to indulge her dejected friend's wish, and she played a touching cantata from Beethoven in the most exquisite manner.

"Now, my dear," she said, addressing Lady Winifred, "come and let me accompany you in one of your songs," and then, looking at her watch, she added, "by the time you have finished, Sir Roderick, I think, will be here."

"Oh, don't press me, dear Lady Northfield," returned poor Lady Winifred, "I feel so unequal to the least exertion. You won't be hurt, if I say no. Will you?"

"Indeed, but I should," said Lady Northfield smiling, but in a tone of mock offence. "Come, just one song." She wished to arouse her friend.



Lady Winifred got up and made the effort. Her beautiful soprano rang through the room as she warbled an old English melody, a favourite with them both.

"My dear," said Lady Northfield, when the song was ended, "how beautiful and clear your voice is. I feared after I had asked you to sing, I was wrong to tire you: but how charming it is. Does Marion show any talent for music? Will she sing, do you think?"

And Lady Northfield rattled on with incessant questions on every topic she could call to her assistance, convinced that her little plot had diverted her friend's thoughts from the sorrow which so much oppressed her.

Sir Roderick entered. "Well," he said, cheerfully, "I heard your voice as I came along the hall, and I fancied it must be Lady Northfield accompanying you. How do you do, Lady Northfield? Have you come alone? Where are Northfield and Lionel? I have news for you all." And the good baronet drew from his pocket a photophonic message which had just reached him.

The message announced that the Cork Assizes were fixed for the 7th of January, and that the Commission would be opened on the preceding day, the 6th.

"The chief-justice, Sir Richard Dillon, you see," said Sir Roderick, referring to the blue paper, "is to take the crown side. The message is sent me by my agent, Mr. Powell."

"When will you go, then, dear?" asked Lady Winifred, starting off the sofa to which she had returned and on which she was quietly again reclining, and taking hold of Sir Roderick by the arm with both her hands.

"Will you send over to Lord Northfield?" she quickly added.

"Well, indeed," observed Sir Roderick, "I should be glad had he been here. But it will do when your ladyship returns. I had some thought of starting a day or two sooner than I first intended, if not inconvenient to Northfield and Lionel."

"Oh," interposed Lady Northfield, "I am quite sure, Sir Roderick, it will make no difference to Northfield. He has kept himself free

of all engagements, because he would not allow anything to interfere with his arrangement with you; and for Lionel, it can be of no moment. He is not due in Cambridge before the seventeenth of January when the term begins, and it is fortunate for him the assizes are fixed as early as the seventh."

"Well, I should like to leave next Monday," Sir Roderick said, "if it is possible, on the first. As this is Tuesday, we should have five clear days to get ready."

"I should not wonder," remarked Lady Northfield, "when they find I do not return to luncheon if they walk over in the afternoon and ride back with me."

"If we see nothing of them I will trouble you with a message," said Sir Roderick, and turning to Lady Winifred, he asked, "did you tell Lady Northfield, my dear, we had a visit from Workington a few days ago?"

"Oh, Northfield saw him he told me," interposed Lady Northfield, "and he said he had enjoyed a long talk with Sir Roderick, and a very agreeable interview with Lady Winifred."

"Yes, and what a talker he is," remarked Sir Roderick. "Talks well, no doubt, but I never knew a man more completely absorbed in politics than Workington. He has something to say on any point you may propose, and always something to my mind worth hearing. I admire him specially for one thing. He is not in the smallest degree a party man. He is what I suppose old fashioned people a hundred years ago would call a patriot. I like him for that. He is quite the stamp of man to rise to the top; so irrepressible, so tenacious of his purpose. He forms his own opinion and sticks to it, independently of all others may say. I know all parties in the House respect him and think highly of him."

"Lord Northfield decidedly likes him," said Lady Northfield, "and Lionel, who met him at Mr. Talbot's, was immensely taken with him. Mr. Talbot, you know, is an old Cambridge man, and Lionel often calls on him to have a chat about Cambridge, and the changes which have occurred since Mr. Talbot's time. Talbot took his degree so long ago as '82 or '83,



I forget which. Workington happened to be there one day when Lionel was over ; and he soon ingratiated himself with Lionel, and said he hoped to see him one day member for Northfield. This, you may imagine, was quite enough to win Lionel : for I believe that is the great ambition of his heart."

" We have had wonderful political changes certainly," remarked Sir Roderick, " in my time. The world seems altered and altering. What state it will be in for the few years which are still to run between this and the twentieth century, so near us now, who shall say ? But European peace secured by the federation, our colonies prosperous and undisturbed, through a wiser policy which has been adopted, Ireland quiet and greatly advanced in every way ; " but checking himself suddenly, he continued in an under tone, " we omit talking of Ireland just now. Let us go in to luncheon," and he offered his arm to Lady Northfield.

The sociable meal was hardly ended, and they had not left the table, when Lady Wini-

fred declared she was sure she saw Lord Northfield and Lionel coming across the park. They were still at some distance from the house.

"They are in their shooting dress," persisted Lady Winifred. "I am sure it is they," and all looked in the direction she indicated.

"There," she continued, "see, they are coming past that large oak tree with the fence round it. Now, look, they are giving their guns to the keeper, and he is going back and calling the dogs to return with him. I'm sure I am right. Lady Northfield, don't you distinguish them?"

"My dear," replied Lady Northfield, "you know how short-sighted I am. At this distance I couldn't tell my own husband from the man in the moon.

Sir Roderick looked, and declared his wife was right.

By this time the gentlemen had approached nearer, and there could be no mistake. Sir Roderick rang the bell, and ordered covers to be brought for his two friends, who would reach the house in a few minutes.



Sir Roderick went himself to the doors and welcomed them. "Lady Northfield is here," he ejaculated, as soon as they came on to the terrace. "Winifred saw you a long way off. She has sharper eyes than mine."

"Well, we were beating the cover at the corner on my side," said Lord Northfield, "near the point where your farm comes in, and Lionel thought we should get a crack at some of your strays, and so we did. We quickly bowled over a brace a-piece, so I called a halt, and then Lionel suggested that the least we could do was to come and make confession and ask for some luncheon. So here we are."

"Yes, Sir Roderick," added Lionel, "that new gun of mine is a real beauty. It carries almost any distance, and drops 'em as dead as a stone. I must show it you, Sir Roderick, the next time you come to Rushbrooke. I almost wish I had brought it on with me, but I gave it to Jenkins for a rub up. I used the new patent cartridge brought out this year. It's warranted to kill from a hundred to a

hundred and thirty yards. It was made at Professor Stubb's laboratory on strictly scientific principles," and the youngster would have gone on to explain I know not what, had not Sir Roderick interposed and said, "Well, come now and have some luncheon: you must want it after your long walk. Lady Northfield and my wife are still in the dining-room. Come along."

When his friends were well on with their luncheon, the two ladies chatting with them all the time, Sir Roderick drew a blue paper from his pocket and tossed it to Lord Northfield. "There, Northfield," said Sir Roderick, "look at that and tell me what you think."

Lord Northfield unfolded the paper and read the photophonic message. "Well, Norman," he soon replied, "I think it gives us plenty of time, don't you? May Lionel see it?"

"Oh, certainly," replied Sir Roderick, "it concerns him as much as us, perhaps more than us, as he is fixed for Cambridge on the seventeenth, I think."



"Yes," joined in Lionel; "I must not be a day later. The examination begins the second day of term."

"When do you think of starting?" enquired Lord Northfield of Sir Roderick.

"How would next Monday suit you?" asked Sir Roderick. "That will give us five clear days to prepare. I have been thinking over what there may be to do, and I should like to get to the Manor a few days before the assizes begin. We'll go the short route by Port Patrick."

"One day will do for me as well as another," replied Lord Northfield. "Do what best suits your own convenience. It's the same thing to us."

"Sir Richard Dillon," in a few minutes continued Lord Northfield, "you know him, surely?"

"Oh yes, I know him a little," replied Sir Roderick. "He was made Chief Justice for special services, and the courage he showed some ten or twelve years ago, in the time of the Darnell disturbances. He was called by

some the Judge Jeffrey of the day, and I fear he got a love of hanging."

"Ah! true. I was thinking of another man altogether, and confounding two very different persons. Dillon is a common name in the sister isle. Let it pass," said Lord Northfield, and turning to Lionel, he added, "Well, sir, this trip to Ireland will be a new thing for you. How do you feel about it?"

The two ladies had left the room a few minutes before.

"I?" replied Lionel, "awfully jolly! I like all new experiences. They won't shoot at a youngster like me, I know. Besides, I shall like to hear the trial, and hear what sort of defence may be set up for the rascal who shot at Sir Roderick."

"I fear," interposed Sir Roderick, "there will be no defence, and that Doherty in all probability will plead guilty. If he is advised to take that course, it is just possible, as he did not kill me, that a lighter than the capital sentence may be thought sufficient in the case."

"I am not sanguine about that," remarked



Lord Northfield. "Workington has spoken to me of this outrage, and said he could not see how any other than a capital sentence could be pronounced. You know, he came to see me the other day, and he mentioned he had paid you a visit."

"Did you say Mr. Workington, father?" joined in Lionel. "He was talking of it the day I called at Mr. Talbot's, where I met him, and was introduced. What a glorious fellow he is; but I couldn't get him to agree with me quite about hanging. He says he is thoroughly examining the question and considering it on all sides."

"No, my boy," said Lord Northfield, "he is too well acquainted with the ways of the world and human nature."

"Ah, but he has changed over a great many things, you know," continued Lionel, impetuously, "and he may change his mind on that."

"We go the short route, I think you said," observed Lord Northfield, "how many hours does the journey occupy?"

"Why, not many more," answered Sir

Roderick, "than from London to Edinburgh. We soon run through the tube, and then the South-Western slips you down in no time. But we stop one station this side of Cork: it's nearer my place."

"Well, I think we ought to be going. Let us see what the ladies say," remarked Lord Northfield; and he rose from the table, and went into the drawing-room.

Lionel hoped to see Marion, and he hurried after his father. She was with her mother and talking in the group. How pretty she grows, thought Lionel to himself, as he looked at her, and walking round he took her by the hand.

"So you have been shooting, sir, I hear, this morning," observed Marion, looking up into his face. "You have been killing those beautiful birds that never did you harm. I positively hate you. Poor things!"

"You never eat pheasant, Marion, I suppose?" Lionel inquired, laughing at her all the time. "On your principle, I should recommend you to become a vegetarian."

“What’s that?” asked Marion.

“Don’t you know, little silly?” replied Lionel, continuing to laugh heartily, “why, a creature who lives on cabbages and turnips, as Nebuchadnezzar did when he went off his head—one who never eats what is called flesh meat in order that nothing may be killed, and that the animals after a bit may begin to eat us.”

Get along you horrid boy,” said Marion, “you love to tease and puzzle me. I shall be so glad when you are going back to Cambridge, you worry!”

They had all to part, for the carriage was announced, and Lady Northfield was shaking hands, and preparing to go.

As the three drove home to Rushbrooke, Lady Northfield informed her husband that she had persuaded Lady Winifred to stay with her while they remained in Ireland, and “I had not so much difficulty as I had anticipated,” remarked Lady Northfield.

“I am glad indeed to hear it,” said Lord Northfield, “you cannot look at Lady Wini-

fred without observing how altered she is, and Norman confided to me how very anxious about her he feels."

Lionel said to his mother, "don't you think Lady Winifred looks very ill?"

Lady Northfield, to avoid replying to his question, retorted, "I observe you think Marion looking very pretty."





## CHAPTER X.

### AT THE MANOR—THROUGH THE TUBE.

MONDAY soon came round, and Sir Roderick with Lord Northfield and Lionel were in the carriage driving to the station to take the train for Ireland.

They were, of course, provided with all the comforts for travelling which the winter suggested, but the weather was mild and open and the air refreshing.

Soon were they *en route*, dashing along as fast as an express could go ; and with a brisk, unflagging conversation, which they sustained through the day, the journey seemed nothing, and was attended by no more than ordinary fatigue.

All was new to Lionel, who had never before been to Ireland. They took the Northern route, which for some years had superseded the old line of way from Holyhead to Dublin, which still entailed a passage by sea.

It was Lionel's first journey through the tube between Port Patrick and Belfast Lough, and he confessed to a little feeling of misgiving as he entered it on the Scotch side, and to a sensation of relief as they emerged on the Irish side, and soon after drew up at the Belfast station.

"We stop here half-an-hour," said Sir Roderick, who knew the route well. "There's a good refreshment-room. Come and get something to eat."

"Your honours will take soup?" asked the waiter, as the gentlemen sat down at the long refreshment table, which was soon filled from end to end.

"Hare soup, yer honours, fit for an Imperor."

"Bring some sherry, Pat," said Sir Roderick, who, from frequent travelling to the Manor, was well known to all the waiters.



"Glad to see yer honour looking so hearty," said Pat, as he put the bottle at Sir Roderick's side. "An' we all hope," he added, "they'll hang that Mike Doherty as high as he'll swing, the blackgart, as would have deprived ould Oireland of her biggest binifactor. I'd do the thing meeself, if they'd gi' me the chance."

"No more of that, Pat," interposed Lionel, readily, "I'm on my way to do that myself. Don't you know I'm Calcraft's grandson and successor, and do all these little jobs for the sheriffs."

"Nay, nay," returned Pat, without faltering, "yer honour can't desave the likes o' me. If iver I saw a lord, or one as will be, you're the han'some young gintleman. Divil a bit of the hixecutioner in you. There's a roast Turkey, gentlemen, will I bring it?"

"Yes," said Sir Roderick, rather angrily, "and don't stand chattering your nonsense here. The train bell will ring shortly, so be sharp."

The Turkey was brought and duly discussed.

Pat further informed them, "There's Tube Pudding, yer honours, will I bring it?"

"Oh, yes," replied Sir Roderick, "by all means, and make haste. We're indebted to you, Lionel, for the Tube Pudding."

"How so, Sir Roderick?" asked Lionel.

"Why," answered Sir Roderick, "Tube Pudding is a dish the waiters always bring when they think a traveller has come for the first time through the long iron tunnel, and they expect you to pay a sort of footing for this in the shape of an extra shilling. He considers that you have to-day come through for the first time. He knows I have been through many times before, and he does not know that your father has not."

"Here it comes," said Lionel, "what an extraordinary thing it looks!"

The Tube Pudding was duly placed before Sir Roderick. It resembled a long and thin pudding, of the roley-poley sort, and it had two bends in the middle, giving it a kind of serpentine shape.

"Are those the bends, Pat, in the tunnel?"

enquired Lionel good humouredly, wishing to get another rise out of the Irishman.

"The very same, yer honour," replied Pat, "and good luck to yer. They say it's the washing of the sea that did them indentashuns."

The bell rang, and the party rose to return to their carriage, and as Lionel went out he slipped a shilling into Pat's hand.

"Bless yer honour," said Pat, true to his text, "May yer niver stick in the tube, and neither will yer if yer only stick to the tube pudding before you come through." How this was to be done, Lionel did not stay to hear explained.

A few hours longer in the train brought them to the station at which they were to alight. A carriage from the Manor was waiting their arrival, and they had now but some half-dozen miles to drive. As the evening was fast closing in, it was dark, and the lovely country through which they were passing was hid from view, except so far as the rising moon began to illuminate it. The Manor was reached in less than another hour along a per-

fect road, a large part of which ran through Sir Roderick's estate.

Mr. Powell the agent and his wife were at the door ready to receive the travellers. Sir Roderick and his friends were at once conducted into the spacious library, where a blazing fire recompensed them for their chilly drive, and where they remained till dinner was served.

The next morning after breakfast, Sir Roderick excused himself to his guests.

"I have," he explained, "to make a call at a little distance. Perhaps you can amuse yourselves for a couple of hours or so when I shall return."

Sir Roderick had for some time determined that he would supply Doherty's wife with money sufficient to enable her to procure good legal assistance at the approaching trial. Doherty's cottage lay just beyond the boundary of Sir Roderick's estate, on the sea coast among the rocks, not a great distance from the new houses which he had recently erected for the fishermen.

Traversing about a mile and a-half of path across fields, would take him there ; whereas by the road he would have had to go nearly double the distance.

He had consulted Mr. Powell and learned from him the precise whereabouts, and being well acquainted with the country he found no difficulty in discovering the cottage, though he had never before been actually on the spot.

To his agent he had mentioned the purport of his visit, and enquired if he knew whether any communications had been made either to the prisoner or his wife with a view to render assistance. Mr. Powell had heard of nothing of the kind. On the contrary, a report had reached him some weeks before, that Kate Doherty had made complaint to her neighbours that Mike, after having been entrapped by the Land Leaguers and bound by them to do their wicked work, should be left without succour of any kind to suffer for their plots. This convinced Sir Roderick that his errand had not been anticipated, and that probably

without his aid the prisoner would go to trial undefended.

Sir Roderick reached the cottage, a miserable tumble-down shanty, unfit in any way for human habitation. The door stood wide open. A pig lay grunting at the door step. Three small children, barefooted and for such a season but too lightly clad, were playing together on the sands, while he could see inside the cottage through the smoke, which was curling round and round and lying more heavily on the roof, the mother and two boys, of an age fit for work, sitting before a dull turf fire, scantily supplied, burning on a few bricks which did duty as a fire-grate. In a corner were thrown together the beds of the whole family in a filthy heap, and about the floor in unsightly disarrangement stood the cooking and household utensils, the whole presenting a scene of wretchedness and squalor more repulsive than words can depict. A small and rickety deal table on three legs was placed in the middle of the floor, and two or three stools, evidently of home manufacture, lay promiscuously about the room.

Sir Roderick knocked with the end of his walking-stick on the door.

"Does Mrs. Doherty live here?" he asked, taking off his hat, and at the same time walking in.

All three were surprised, and started at his presence. The mother came forward, and said at once, "they call me Kate Doherty, and that is my name; and it's Widdy Doherty I'll be in about three weeks' time, and the childer wi'dout a father. Heaven help us!" and she raised her eyes as she spoke, clasping her hands together, as imploring God's protection.

"I am come to help you," Sir Roderick at once spoke plainly out. "I wish to help you in your trouble. You know, perhaps, who I am?"

"May be yer honer is the judge of the nixt Cork Assizes, where they're to hang my poor Mike?" Kate suggested.

At this speech of Kate Doherty her two boys fairly broke down. They knew there was trouble, and that their father was in gaol, but it was the first time they had learned he was to be hanged.

"Go and play," said Sir Roderick, addressing the two boys, "with your brothers and sister. I wish to be alone with your mother for a little time."

"Ye wont harm mither," cried the two boys both at once, "will you?"

"Nonsense, Mike and Pat, get away wid ye, both of yez, ye spalpeens, get away wid yez," almost shouted Kate Doherty, "do you think the gintleman looks as if he'd hurt any body? May be ye're not the judge then?"

"No, Kate, no," explained Sir Roderick, "I'm not the judge. It's through my fault that poor Mike is to be tried."

"Then ye're the Laaguer," exclaimed Kate Doherty, sinking on to a stool, and throwing both her arms into the air—"the Laaguer as bound my Mike to do that wicked deed for which he's to die."

Sir Roderick had again misled her.

"I wonder," she cried, in a scornful and passionate voice, "ye've the face to come here to mock his poor wife and childer. We're well nigh driven to distraction wid our

troubles, and ye wish to thrample us down to worse."

"No, no, my good woman, you quite mistake me," put in Sir Roderick as quickly as he could speak: "you mistake me; I did not mean to mislead you; I am Sir Roderick Norman, at whom your husband fired. It is just his one chance that I am living."

"You, you Sir Roderick," sobbed out Kate Doherty, wholly overcome by this unexpected revelation, "and you come here to the cot of the man who so wronged you!"

"Yes, yes, my good woman," said Sir Roderick, his voice indicating some excitement, "and I come to help you—to help you to do something for your husband before his trial, to do the best you can for him. Surely you will try?"

"Well, well," said Kate Doherty, clasping her knee, and swaying to and fro on the stool on which she was sitting: "'Do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you, that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven.' I learned

it at my own dear dead mither's lap," and with a heaving breast and sobbing voice, she fell on to her knees and poured forth in her own few simple words a thanksgiving to heaven for the mercy which seemed preparing for her.

Sir Roderick felt deeply the painfulness of the scene, and dropped to her a few words of kindness and encouragement.

At length she asked, "What can I do for Mike, Sir Roderick? May God reward you!"

"Much," replied Sir Roderick, "if you will listen to me and be calm. I ask for no thanks, only close obedience to my instructions. Take this money. It is more perhaps than you have seen before; therefore be careful with it; put it where it will be safe, and to-morrow morning, as early as you can, go to Cork, and call on the gentleman whose name I will give you."

"Yes, oh yes," breathed Kate Doherty.

"His name you can remember; it is Sharpnose, lawyer Sharpnose. He lives in the Market Place," explained Sir Roderick, warming as he spoke; "remember, Mr. Sharpnose, and in the Market Place."



"Yes, well, Mr. Sharpnose, in the Market Place," repeated Kate in an undertone.

"Tell him, as soon as you see him, you have a purse of money," added Sir Roderick, "given you by a friend, and that you have come to him to defend your husband."

"Yes, yes, sir! oh yes," cried Kate Doherty, growing excited as a gleam of hope passed quickly through her brain.

"Mind now, listen a little longer," continued Sir Roderick.

"First, say you're Kate Doherty, and that you have a purse of money. Tell him you have a purse of money before you ask him to defend Doherty. When you have told him you have a good purse, then ask him if he will undertake Michael's defence. Be sure he will, if you only let him know first, and impress it well on him, that you have money, and that you'll grudge none of it to save your husband."

"Am I dreaming?" asked Kate of herself, passing her hand across her forehead. "Can this be all true? Yes, I'm awake: I see all things clearly: Mike may yet be saved. Oh,

Sir Roderick! Sir Roderick!" she exclaimed in piteous tones; "and you so wronged, so good. My heart will burst;" and she sat down again, and sobbed aloud and long.

"Come, cheer up, Kate, cheer up," repeated the Baronet; "you'll need all your nerve and strength to carry out my directions. I'll go now. You understand what to do. No, give me no thanks; only take care of your money, and do as I have told you. Remember, Mr. Sharpnose, and in the Market Place; and not a word who gave you this money;" and he put the purse into her hand.

Kate thrust the purse hurriedly into her bosom, and when she turned to the door Sir Roderick was gone.

As he went out, Lord Northfield and Lionel stood only a few yards before him.

There was a little awkwardness in the unexpected meeting. But Lord Northfield quickly recovered himself, and addressing Sir Roderick, he asked if the cottage before them was Mrs. Doherty's?

"If so, do you mind walking a little way with Lionel? I have an errand to do for Lady Winifred, which I will tell you as we return."

Sir Roderick joined Lionel, and Lord Northfield approached the cottage, and knocking, entered, and told his errand in a few words. He at once saw there had been an exciting scene between Kate Doherty and his friend, as Kate soon explained. "That good Sir Roderick, yer honer, whoever you may be," said Kate, "has given me hope. My poor Mike may yet, perhaps, be saved. But I am sore beat," she continued, "I thought before he came that all was lost."

"Lady Winifred, you know her, Sir Roderick's wife, I mean," said Lord Northfield, "has sent you this. I promised her before leaving England I would give it you. Don't refuse it. You will want it all. Lawyers are greedy folks. Put it with what Sir Roderick has given you, and bless God you have such friends;" and before the bewildered woman could either refuse or speak her thanks, he too was gone.

Kate looked at what Lord Northfield had put almost forcibly into her hand. It was a note, but she could not read it, or tell its value.

It was the note for £20 which Lady Winifred had placed in Lord Northfield's care for the troubled family.

The two friends and Lionel walked on together. The country, though in its winter garb, was lovely, and though under ordinary circumstances it would have elicited many a remark, there seemed to be an agreed wish for silence, and so they continued without conversing till they reached the Manor.

"Poor woman," thought Lionel, as he inwardly meditated by the way, "she must be in a sad case to have so thoroughly upset Sir Roderick and my father. For my own part, I cannot think that Doherty can be hanged while Sir Roderick stands in court, showing himself to be alive, and giving evidence that he was *not* shot."



## CHAPTER XI.

### MR. SHARPNOSE VISITS CORK GAOL.

IN the morning, as soon as the day had well opened, Kate Doherty, mindful of all Sir Roderick had enjoined on her, started, with what courage she could muster, for Cork city, taking her two eldest boys with her, by way of protection. She recurred again and again to the instructions Sir Roderick had given, sometimes speaking a word or two audibly, but unintentionally, to the great amazement of her children, who had never before seen their mother so flushed and excited. She was sure, she said at last, outloud, she should make no mistake in speaking to Lawyer Sharpnose.

“What’s it all about, mither, dear?” asked the eldest, who was named after his father.

"Don't bother, Mike, there's a darlint," replied Kate Doherty. "I'll tell you all as we come back. But let me be a bit. You mustn't disturb my thoughts now, or I may forget what I'm to say to Mr. Sharpnose;" and the boys walked on quietly by her side as before.

At the end of about a couple of hours' heavy trudging, the three came in view of Cork city, which in the early glow of the morning spread itself before them like a fairy scene. The harbour and cove lay beyond them in a mist which the morning sun had not yet wholly cleared away. They could distinguish the three rivers as they came together—the Lee as it drew in with the tide fresh from the ocean, turning the water-line of the city; the Blackwater, wide and grand, as it flowed to its embouchure at Cappoquin; and the Bandon as it found its way into the sea at Inishonan.

As Kate regarded this beautiful scene, and thought of the teeming population among which she was to look but for one person, Mr. Sharpnose, her troubled heart misgave her, and she paused and took a short rest



before resuming her journey. Often had she been into Cork before on many a market-day, when no such reflections, as those which oppressed her, ever entered her mind. But it was different now. It seemed to her as if she was going into a new and strange city. All seemed unnatural and bewildering; and she took her children's hands, one on each side, as supplying some of the sympathy and assistance which she required: and they all walked on in silence.

After some minutes, the younger child could restrain himself no longer, and he asked his mother a question, at which she involuntarily started as one waked out of a reverie.

"What makes you shake so, mither?" while Mike looked into her face at the same time, and said, "are you cold, mither dear?"

"I shall feel better darlints, prisently," replied Kate. "Let us get to the Market Place, as soon as we can."

"Do you know the way, mither?" enquired both boys together. They had never been in Cork before, and the numerous streets through

which they went, and the throngs of people they passed, quite perplexed their young heads.

At last the Market Place was reached, and Mr. Sharpnose's office found. They had no difficulty in that. Every one knew Mr. Sharpnose.

Kate rang the office bell, and bidding her boys wait about for her, and not go far away or they might be lost, she entered as the door opened with a spring, and finding the clerks' room, she enquired for Mr. Sharpnose.

"You're early, young woman," responded the clerk. "Do you want to see him? He's not come yet. Are you come on business? What is it?"

"Och, but I'll wait and see him," replied Kate, dexterously evading the clerk's questions: "may be he'll not be long."

At that moment a middle-aged gentleman entered, and walked straight upstairs.

"That's Mr. Sharpnose," said the clerk; "who shall I say wants to see him?"

"Oh, just say," replied Kate, "a young woman from the country would like particu-



larly to see him. He wouldn't know my name if I gave it you."

The clerk returned in another minute, and said she could walk upstairs. "Go into the front room: the door faces the stairs. You'll find Mr. Sharpnose there."

Kate went up and entered. "Sit down for a moment," said Mr. Sharpnose. "You've come on business, I suppose. You don't look as if you were begging."

Kate felt her opportunity.

"Oh dear no, sir," she briskly replied, with as smiling a face as she could affect: "I've a good purse of money, and I've brought it wi' me."

"Well, wait a minute, and as soon as I've finished looking through my letters," observed Mr. Sharpnose, "I'll attend to you with pleasure."

Kate occupied the time in looking well at the lawyer.

"Yes, he has a sharp face," she said to herself; "but he don't look unkind. I've heard often that lawyers are stern and hard, and

good Sir Roderick told me they were greedy. I can't see that Mr. Sharpnose looks so."

And Mr. Sharpnose looked up. "What did you say, young woman?" enquired Sharpnose. "I couldn't well catch your words. Did you say you're getting tired of waiting?"

"Oh dear no, sir," replied Kate; "I've had great trouble, and I often talk much to myself; perhaps I spoke my thoughts though I never meant it."

"Well, now," said Mr. Sharpnose, laying his last letter in the flat basket at his side; "I'm ready: so you've had trouble? Is it a money trouble? Have you lost some of your money?"

"Oh dear no, sir," went on Kate, "I've brought it all with me, and I'll give you all willingly if you'll help me."

"Tell me first what your trouble is?" enquired Mr. Sharpnose, and he took a large pinch of snuff.

"My trouble is that Michael Doherty's in gaol."

“And are you his sweetheart, my dear?” asked Sharpnose, looking up and scanning Kate Doherty rapidly from head to foot.

“I was once,” replied Kate, with her singular simplicity, “but it’s better than ten year ago. I’ve been his wife all that long time and the mither of his childer, five of them, by the saints’ mercies, and they say I shall be his widdy in less than three weeks.”

Mr. Sharpnose knew the case in a moment. “Oh, Michael Doherty’s your husband,” he observed, “I’m sorry for you, truly sorry. I don’t think I can do you any good.”

Kate’s heart sank within her, and she groaned.

“No, my poor woman,” continued Sharpnose, “I don’t,—don’t see that I can. It’s a bad case. You must know it’s a bad case. He shot at Sir Roderick Norman, one of the greatest benefactors of this part of the country. I can’t see what defence we can make. The whole of Ireland is inflamed by this gross outrage,” Sharpnose went on, carried away by his feelings, and forgetting for the moment the

feelings of the poor suffering woman who sat opposite him.

"But, Sir Roderick, sir," persisted Kate, "is not dead. You can save Michael from death."

Mr. Sharpnose started back in his chair, recollecting the hard things to which he had just given utterance.

"My dear," said he, "you're right: perhaps something might be done as Sir Roderick is alive. But any way," he added in an undertone as if speaking to himself, "if we can get him off from hanging, his sentence cannot be less than penal servitude for life."

"But in that case," suggested poor Kate, who, although she had lost heart, was resolved not to be discouraged altogether:—"but in that case the childer couldn't have it said agin 'im that their father had been hixicuted."

Well, thought Mr. Sharpnose, if that were any consolation, he certainly would not wish to deprive them of it.

"Young woman," began Mr. Sharpnose again, "you wish me to do the best I can for

your husband, Michael Doherty, who is now in gaol waiting his trial on the capital and secondary charge of shooting at Sir Roderick Norman, with intent either to murder him, or do him some grievous bodily harm. Can you pay the fees for counsel?"

"Let me show you," said poor, sobbing, trembling Kate, "what I've got, Mr. Sharpnose, and you'll see whether there be enough."

"Stay a minute," said Sharpnose, and taking a pen in his hand he wrote down, speaking loud enough for Kate Doherty to hear:—

|                                                   |    |
|---------------------------------------------------|----|
| "There'll be my own costs, roughly,               | £5 |
| "Leading counsel and clerk, say                   | 10 |
| "Junior                   ,,                   ,, | 5  |

—  
£20

"That ought to do it. But it's a little fortune for a poor woman!"

"Now then, young woman," he continued, "come across and let me count what you have. Sit by me, and we'll tell it together."

First there was the purse given by Sir

Roderick. Mr. Sharpnose poured the contents on the table. He counted out £50!

"That's not all," said Kate meekly. "I have a note besides, I think they called it," and she produced the note of £20 given her by Lord Northfield from Lady Winifred.

"Come, come," cried Mr. Sharpnose, "you've had some kind friends. Try and keep up. I'll do what I can for you, be sure."

Kate had gained her point so far and rose to go.

"Stay," said Mr. Sharpnose, "you must not leave all this money with me. The £20 note will cover all that we shall want for the trial. I'm glad you can spare it. Put back the rest into your purse, and take care of it," and he added, hardly doubting in his mind what the result of the trial would be, "you may want it for yourself and children. I'll see to it; be in as good heart as you can, and we'll not neglect anything that can avail you."

Mr. Sharpnose then inquired her address, and learning it, he asked, "did you come all that way into Cork by yourself?"



"Oh, no," replied Kate, "I brought my two eldest boys with me, for company."

"Here, then," said Sharpnose, "take these few shillings, and get some dinner in the town before you go back;" and he put five shillings in her hand, that she might not begin upon her little store, or show it, on which point he gave her a caution.

"Take care you tell no one you have money about you, and after you have dined, get home as soon as you can, before it gets dark."

Kate had hoped Mr. Sharpnose would have suggested she might remain till he had seen her husband. But he anticipated her and remarked, "It's no use your stopping to see Michael, or waiting till I come from him, though I will see him this afternoon. Now go, I'll tell him you've been here and all we have done. Get home safely;" and the hard, subtle lawyer, as she went out, took his handkerchief and wiped the corners of his eyes, which had not been so wet for many a long year.

In the afternoon, Mr. Sharpnose kept his promise, and went to Michael Doherty in the gaol.

He found Michael, as he expected, in a most desponding state. He had quite given himself up as lost. "He deserved," he said, "nothing but hanging. How could he shoot at Sir Roderick? What a wicked fool had he not been? But he would die happy," he repeated, as he had ever said before, "if only he could have a couple of them Laaguers to hang one on each side of him."

Mr. Sharpnose recounted to him fully the conversation he had had with Kate, and told Michael what they had decided to do. He would be ably defended at the trial. There was just one chance, but he would be wise not to set his heart too much upon it. Sir Roderick was happily alive, and would give his evidence at the trial, and so the court and jury would have no doubt on that fact; and perhaps his sentence might be reduced to penal servitude for life.

"Bedad," exclaimed Doherty, as he thought

of what Mr. Sharpnose was telling him, "they'd better put a fellow out of his misery at wonst." And he added with all the bitterness and anger to which he could give expression, "There's many a man would rather be hanged outright, than be shut up like a slave all his mortal days."

"But his friends would rather not have it so," rejoined Sharpnose. And adding, that the assizes began on Monday next, Mr. Sharpnose left Mike to his meditations.

Kate Doherty having found her boys, and given them some refreshment, though unable to take any herself, left Cork with a heavy heart, but satisfied she had succeeded in the duty set her. Fatigued and foot-sore, and almost ready to sink down under the burden of her trouble, she reached her cottage in the grey of the evening, and prayed what she had done might prosper.





## CHAPTER XII.

### THE CORK ASSIZES.

THE Bar was already gathering in Cork. Mr. Sharpnose had lost no time in collecting the evidence in Doherty's case, and having dotted down the heads of it, he handed his memoranda to his chief clerk, with instructions to prepare the briefs for counsel, to be given them as soon as he had made his choice from the list which lay before him.

"Let me see," said Mr. Sharpnose to himself, as he rapidly ran his eye, his finger following it, down the list of seniors. "Yes, Wigmore—Wigmore," he repeated slowly and with some deliberation, as he reached the last name but one in the column. "Yes, very

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good—he will do well for leader.” And treating the list of juniors after the same fashion, he stopped at the name of Smallmeed, and assured himself he could not do better; unless either of the gentlemen he had selected for the defence should, by bad luck, have been already retained on the side of the prosecution, in which case he must look through the lists again.

The senior he felt sure of, for the report had reached him that the Chief Secretary for Ireland had resolved to send the Attorney-General to conduct the case, which was regarded by Government as one of great public importance. “But the junior—well—a very rising young man,” he continued, “and I may be foiled unless I see him shortly.”

After this reflection, having attended to one or two little matters he had in hand, which could not be neglected, Mr. Sharpnose put on his hat, took his walking-cane, and hurried off to Mr. Smallmeed’s lodgings.

Mr. Smallmeed was within, and Mr. Sharpnose met at once with a welcome reception as befitting an attorney bringing business.

"So I see, Mr. Sharpnose," remarked Mr. Smallmeed after passing the ordinary compliments of the day, "we are to have this miserable case tried at these assizes of the man who shot at Sir Roderick Norman?"

"Yes, it's about that case I have come to you," said Mr. Sharpnose. "I am the prisoner's attorney. The briefs are in course of preparation; but fearing to lose your services, I came early to ask if you can help me?"

"By all means, Mr. Sharpnose," replied the compliant young barrister. "Who do you purpose shall lead?"

"I thought," answered Sharpnose, "I would ask Mr. Wigmore. He has been Q.C. for some years now, and stands well. He has done business for me in several cases in both courts, and I have much confidence in his tact and judgment. I hear that the Attorney-General is to conduct the prosecution. The juniors on the other side I do not yet know."

"It matters little," observed Smallmeed, in

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a confident tone. "When do you expect to send me the brief?"

"Some time this afternoon," replied the attorney. "I will call on Mr. Wigmore on my way back to the office and tell him you will be his junior, if he will take the case. His brief will be ready at the same time. My clerks are now busy on them."

"The case cannot be a complicated one," suggested Mr. Smallmeed, "and the briefs will therefore be brief, Mr. Sharpnose," he continued, chuckling at his own very small joke. "I fear there is not any defence. How can there be? When will you fix the consultation?"

"The Commission is opened to-morrow," said Mr. Sharpnose. "The courts will sit the next day. How will to-morrow evening suit you, if that will fit Mr. Wigmore?"

"Oh, perfectly," responded the junior. "I shall have read the brief by that time, and be able to go into it. Shall we say 7.30? Will that be agreeable?"

"I will say 7.30 if you please," said Mr.

Sharpnose; "and should that be inconvenient to Mr. Wigmore, I will send you a note by my clerk when he leaves the brief." And wishing Mr. Smallmeed good morning, Mr Sharpnose proceeded to call on his proposed leader.

To Mr. Wigmore, whom Mr. Sharpnose also found in his lodgings, the attorney soon explained the object of his visit. The arrangements made with Mr. Smallmeed were perfectly convenient to Mr. Wigmore, who said he would make himself acquainted with the facts as soon as the brief reached him, and would expect himself and Mr. Smallmeed for consultation at 7.30 to-morrow evening.

"So far, so good," said Mr. Sharpnose, as he retraced his steps to the Market Place, rubbing his hands with satisfaction. Sitting down at his table he put the communicating tube to his mouth, and again called for his managing-clerk, Mr. Connell.

"Are you getting on with the briefs, Connell?" enquired Mr. Sharpnose, as soon as his clerk appeared.

"In an hour at furthest, sir, I expect they

will be completed," replied Connell; "the draft is out of my hand, and is between Thomas and William, who are copying them off, side by side, as quickly as they can."

"That's well," observed Sharpnose, rejoicing within himself at the regularity and promptitude with which business was conducted in his office. "I think," he added, "while the lads are finishing, I will run round to the prison and see Doherty again. I want, if I can, to elicit from him who it was bound him over to shoot Sir Roderick."

"He'll never broach that Mr. Sharpnose," said Connell, "and, perhaps, after all, that part of his story may be nothing but a lie."

"I don't think so, really I don't," remarked Mr. Sharpnose. "The man could have had no personal motive to kill Sir Roderick, unless you impute it to sheer blood-thirstiness. I have learned his antecedents. He was a harmless quiet man, though entirely idle, and destitute through his idleness. He was just the man the Land League would have chosen for their evil purposes."

"What end would it serve, sir?" insisted Mr. Connell. "If he told you it was Darnell himself, you must take it on his bare assertion. It would be but poor evidence; and as the Land League conspiracy has been all blown so many years, I can't see this line would help Doherty. At the best, it would make him a co-conspirator, and really secure his conviction."

"Well, it can do no harm if I go," rejoined Sharpnose; "you'll have the briefs ready by the time I return, and we can then run through them before they go forward."

"I can't see that Doherty has a chance," said Mr. Connell, emphatically, and returned to his room.

As a prisoner may happily see his attorney as any time, Mr. Sharpnose was soon with Doherty in his cell. Mr. Sharpnose never beat about the bush. He went straight to his point at once.

"Michael," said he, "I have selected able counsellors for you, and you must assist them all you can by answering my questions, that I

may tell them anything you say which I think may be of service to you."

"Yer honer," responded Michael, without faltering, "I'll have no secrets from you at all, at all. If you're sick and send for a doctor, what a fool y'd be, if you didn't tell him what's the matter wid yer."

"Well," thought Mr. Sharpnose, with this view which Doherty had given him, "I shall get it out of him, after all Connell says."

"Now, Doherty," he continued, "you remember you told me you were bound over to shoot Sir Roderick by the Land Leaguers. You recollect that. You said, mind, you would die happy if two of them swung, one on each side of you. Whom do you accuse?"

"I faith, I did," replied Michael, looking straight at the attorney. "But no, no, telling on 'em is different. There's hell fire for them as breaks their oath."

"But such oaths," observed Mr. Sharpnose, "are not morally binding, my good man. Think of your poor wife and family, and of her heart that will break if you are hanged,

and the shame that will follow your children through life, when they are pointed at as the children of one who was executed."

Michael Doherty, at this appeal, hung his head, and putting his elbows on his knees supported his aching forehead between his hands. In this position, he said, after a few moments, "Ye're a tempter too, Mr. Sharpnose, though I'd niver ha' thought it. Better had it been for me and mine if I had niver listened to the first. Nay, nay, two wrongs niver made a right yet, and niver will." And starting suddenly to his feet, which quite alarmed the attorney, he drew himself up, striking his thigh hard with his clenched fist, and cried out at the top of his voice, "I'll niver tell you, Mr. Attorney, if I be hanged fur't."

Mr. Sharpnose reflected within himself that Connell was right. He at once saw the inutility of continuing the conversation.

"Well, well, Michael," he said, laying his hand on the prisoner's shoulder, "think no more of my question. We'll do the best we



can for you. Don't be too hopeful. We shall consult together to-morrow, and settle on what will be the best defence."

"I lave it, sorr," said Doherty, looking up to the ceiling, "in the Almighty's hand: I've been a great sinner like others in their day. But I have learned He is merciful, if man is not, and that's some consolation."

Mr. Sharpnose was much moved by Doherty's firmness and manly deportment, and he returned to his office a sadder, if not a wiser man. When he had reached it, he at once summoned Connell through his tube, "tell Mr. Connell he can come up if he has the briefs ready."

In a few minutes Connell was in the room, with the briefs in his hand ready for perusal.

"Sit down," said Mr. Sharpnose, who was much discomposed. "It is not pleasant, Connell," he added, "to interview a man who you are quite sure will be hanged, and that in a few days or so."

"You made nothing of him, I suppose?" enquired Connell.

"There, give me one brief, and you take the other," said Sharpnose, evading the clerk's question; "we'll soon read through them."

The briefs were quickly perused. They were short, and correctly stated the facts of the case, and Mr. Sharpnose passed them without alteration.

"Make out the fees," he said, addressing Connell, when they had finished reading, "and come to me for a cheque. Mr. Wigmore's leader, Mr. Smallmeed his junior. The consultation is fixed for 7.30 to-morrow evening. See that the briefs are in counsels' hands this afternoon. Let them have time to run through them before we meet."

In consultation it was without difficulty agreed, that one only course could be taken, affording the slightest chance for the prisoner. It was to plead that Sir Roderick being alive, the prisoner could not be convicted on the capital charge, and to give way on the second count of firing with intent to do grievous bodily harm.

"Shooting with intent to murder, would

doubtless," remarked Mr. Wigmore, "involve a capital sentence. What witnesses will there be, Mr. Smallmeed?"

The junior at once replied, turning to Mr. Sharpnose, "We call no witnesses, I presume? We have merely to examine those produced by the prosecution."

"Just so," remarked Mr. Wigmore, "and we must make that tell with the jury. Sir Roderick will be one witness as a matter of course. Do you know what his feelings are, favourable or unfavourable to the prisoner?"

Mr. Sharpnose confessed to great difficulty in replying to this question. "All we know was the prisoner's wife, who was a poor woman with a destitute family, and without any but poor relatives, had been unexpectedly supplied with a considerable sum of money, to procure legal assistance for her husband. But she refused absolutely to say from whom the money came, yet distinctly denying that any Land Leaguers had supplied it.

"Well, I think," observed Mr. Wigmore, "we may fairly assume who sent it, and at

any rate that Sir Roderick is not hostile. From what we know, this is most likely the case." And, leaving his chair, Mr. Wigmore stood with his back against the fire nursing his coat-tails.

"We can do nothing more, Mr. Wigmore, I think," said Mr. Smallmeed. "They will call, of course, the constable who took Doherty, and heard the shot fired, as he says, and they may probably put into the box the inspector who entered the charge at the office in the Constabulary Barracks."

"Well, we shall see how that is at the trial," observed Mr. Wigmore.

"We are not likely to be first on the Calendar," said Mr. Sharpnose.

"We shall know after the charge has been given to the Grand Jury," said Mr. Smallmeed, "what number we stand. I am in two or three simple and short cases which will probably come on before this, but it little matters, we'll do our best, any way."

The next day the commission was opened.

In the charge to the Grand Jury, the judge

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observed, "He was deeply grieved to notice in the Calendar, that after many years of intermission from all agrarian crimes, throughout the country, there was a case to be tried in this instance of that nature. A landowner of vast estates in this county and in the neighbourhood of this ancient city, had been deliberately fired at, in the public road, and in daylight, from behind a wall on the road side. Fortunately, the man charged with this atrocious and daring crime failed to take correct aim, and the ball passed harmlessly through the hat of the intended victim. The Grand Jury would, in this case, find a true Bill, and it would be for the Court, in which the case would be tried, to determine whether the capital charge could be sustained, or whether only the second count would stand, that of assault with intent to do grievous bodily harm. He hoped the trial would not elicit evidence to lead the public to suppose that agrarian crimes were likely to commence again, and that this was to be regarded as the first of a probable series which would follow.

He deprecated any such view. He trusted that the case would prove to be altogether an isolated one, probably one which had arisen out of former misleadings of the people during the disturbance of the Land Leaguers some ten years ago. But, whatever was the origin of this crime, it was their duty to try it with all care, and he commended it to their zealous examination. At the close of the commission he would be prepared to receive from the Grand Jury any presentment on this subject they might resolve on making to the Court."

The next morning, at the hour of ten, Sir Richard Dillon, Chief Justice, took his seat on the crown side, and the business of the assize began.

The Grand Jury, to start the business quickly, found true bills in several trivial cases, which were handed into Court. The prisoners involved in these were at once brought up, and some half-dozen of them put together at the bar. The clerk then stated the indictments, asking each if he pleaded guilty or not

guilty. With one exception, all pleaded "Not Guilty."

The disposal of these cases occupied the fore part of the day, and the judge and bar adjourned for luncheon.

On the return of the judge into court, he was informed the Grand Jury had found a true bill against Michael Doherty.

"Who appears in this case, may I enquire?" asked his lordship, as he resumed his seat.

The Attorney-General and Mr. Rowlands stood up on one side; Mr. Wigmore and Mr. Smallmeed on the other.

"Let this be the first case to-morrow morning," said the judge, addressing these gentlemen.

"Bring in the next prisoner," he added.

"Patrick Connor," called out the clerk, and Connor was placed in the dock.

"Patrick Connor," resumed the clerk, "you are charged with stealing from Hercules O'Donnell, one Galloway. Say are you guilty, or not guilty?"

"Lawks, bless yer honour, Not Guilty," said Patrick, with a broad grin on his face.

"Let the jury be sworn," said the judge.

"You say you're not guilty," repeated the judge, looking straight at Patrick Connor.

"No, my lord," reiterated Pat, "Oi say Oi be not guilty."

"I appear for the prosecution," said Mr. Geraldson, rising in his place.

"I appear for the prisoner, Patrick Connor," said Mr. Smallmeed, our junior, who had been retained in this case.

"Go on," said the judge.

"The prisoner," began the counsel for the prosecution, "occupies a small holding at the foot of the Muskerry Hills, with free pasture beyond him. His farm is in a lonely, unfrequented spot, and is distant some miles from other holdings, all of which in that district are of a similar character. The prosecutor, whom I shall put into the witness-box, will tell you that he resides on another side of the county, and that towards the end of November last he missed from his stable the



Galloway which Connor is charged with stealing. Giving information to the police, the constabulary found the Galloway in Connor's stable."

"Stay," interrupted the judge—"brother Smallmeed, you represent the prisoner, I think you said. Does he bear a good character?"

"A good karacker, my lord," put in Connor, "and none'll gainsay it."

"Prisoner, you must not speak," observed the judge, and looking first at Geraldson and then at Smallmeed, his lordship suggested, "that the horse might easily have strayed, and that Connor was protecting it till the owner was found. If that were so, the criminal charge will not stand. The case must break down."

Mr. Smallmeed observed to the judge in an undertone, "Our answer is, my lord, that the horse is not O'Donnell's, but the prisoner's."

"Well then, go on," said the judge, leaning back in his chair. "Let us have the evidence."

"I call Hercules O'Donnell," cried Mr. Geraldson, in a stentorian voice.

"Is he deaf?" asked the judge with a smile on his face.

"Get into the box wid you," said the usher of the court, giving Hercules a dig with his staff.

"Your name is Hercules O'Donnell," began Mr. Geraldson at once, with less force.

"Give the man time to be sworn, brother," interposed the judge; and Mr. Geraldson, who had but recently been called to the bar, began to look foolish.

"Your name is Hercules O'Donnell," resumed Mr. Geraldson, as soon as the witness had kissed the book, "and you live on the eastern side of the county, and are a farmer?"

"Yes, sorr," replied Hercules, bowing his head.

"What's the name of your farm, Mr. O'Donnell, and where is it?" enquired the judge, and he wrote in his note book the questions and the replies.

"You lost a horse?" continued counsel, "sometime last November."

"Oi did," answered O'Donnell.

"Had the horse you lost," went on Mr. Geraldson, "a long tail or a short tail?"

"A rare long tail, yer honour," replied O'Donnell.

"Has that anything to do with the case, brother Geraldson?" enquired the judge.

"Much, my lord," answered Geraldson.

So the judge put it down.

"The police found the horse for you, did they not?" asked the judge.

"They did, sorr—my lord, I mane," replied Hercules.

"You have seen it lately?" asked counsel.

"This very morning, sorr; it's down stairs," said O'Donnell, and there was a hearty laugh in court.

"Silence, order," shouted the usher.

"Has the horse now, at the present time, a short tail or a long tail?" asked Mr. Geraldson, resuming.

"Short, sorr, yer honour," answered O'Donnell, who was evidently losing his head between the cross-fire of questions from the judge and his own counsel.

"How long had you the horse in your possession," asked the judge, "before you lost it?"

"Betther nor ten months, my lord," answered O'Donnell, "I bought it at Youghal fair."

"Well, will you ask him anything further, brother Geraldson?" enquired the judge.

Mr. Geraldson bowed a negative.

"Will you cross-examine the witness, brother Smallmeed?" asked the judge; and brother Smallmeed also bowed.

"That will do, Mr. O'Donnell, you may stand down," said his counsel. "I, now," he added, "call the constable, Terrence Hogan."

Terrence Hogan, after much rushing about the Court, at last found his way into the witness-box, and was duly sworn.

Mr. Geraldson at once asked him what he had done to recover the Galloway the prosecutor had lost?

Terrence began by saying, "Oi was tould, Oi was, to look about for a stolen horse, and arter looking for a long while, Oi found the

little horse below in the prisoner's stable, and Oi at once charged him with the theft."

"What made you charge Connor?" said the judge. "Tell us that."

"Wasn't there a little horse missing, my lord?" observed the constable.

"Well, my good man, so there was: but that's no evidence Connor took it," remarked the judge. "It may have been Connor's own property."

"An' it is mee property, your worship, my lord," interrupted the prisoner, unable to restrain himself.

"Prisoner, I have told you before," observed the judge, "you are not to speak."

"Go on, brother Geraldson."

"Did the prisoner say anything when you charged him?"

"That he did, sorr," replied Terrence, scratching his head, and looking wistfully first at the prisoner then at his counsel.

"Well, what was it?"

"He said I was a big blackgart, and if I wasn't a constabulary constable he'd punch my

head. What right had I to take his horse, he wished to know?"

"No, no, I don't mean that," interposed Mr. Geraldson, "I mean did he say anything about the horse?"

"Yes, he said the horse was his, and that he'd niver heard of or seen Hercules O'Donnell in his loife, and that Oi was quite mistaken."

"Did you really take the horse away," enquired the judge, "in spite of this remonstrance?"

"Oi was tould to take any horse Oi found, my lord, so I took that," said Terrence.

"Hem: how long ago?" continued the judge.

"About a month, my lord," replied the constable.

"Will you go on, brother Geraldson, if you please?" the judge added.

"Did you notice the horse, when you took him from the prisoner's stable, whether his tail was sore, as if he had been recently docked?" asked Mr. Geraldson.

"Yes, Oi noticed him," replied Terrence,

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"the tail was all right : it wasn't sore at all : it was as sound as the day he was foaled."

"But you know," remarked the judge, smiling, "a horse, my good man, is not foaled with a docked tail."

"No, my lord," said Terrence.

"Well, explain yourself."

"Oi was tould to look for a little horse with a long tail," continued the constable.

"But when you found this horse was docked," urged the judge, "did it not occur to you that you might have fixed on the wrong horse?"

Terrence did not see it. He stoutly maintained he was right to take the horse.

"I don't see how you can establish your case, brother Geraldson," remarked the judge. "I fear a great wrong has been committed against the prisoner at the bar; brother Smallmeed, I should like to hear you on this point, before the prosecution is finished."

Brother Geraldson reluctantly resumed his seat.

Mr. Smallmeed began, "I submit, my Lord,

that this case should never have been treated as a criminal one. Our answer is that we claim the horse as our own, and have ample evidence to prove long possession. It is true that the tail has been docked, but not lately, and the prisoner, as I regret to call him, for he has no business to be in that dock, retains still in his possession the part of the tail which was severed from the stump. He cut off the tail, because in summer time the tail was flicked in his eyes, in the desire the animal naturally had to drive away the flies, and as Connor walked by his horse's side this proved inconvenient. It's a question of identity. Is this O'Donnell's or Connor's horse? and should never have been made the ground of a criminal prosecution."

"What do you say to that, brother Geraldson?" asked his lordship.

"If your lordship agrees with my friend, I must bow," meekly observed Mr. Geraldson.

"Moi woife's got the toil," shouted Connor from the dock, "there she sits in court, wi' it in her lap."

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“Hold your tongue, pray,” said Mr. Smallmeed to the prisoner. “The judge has already twice cautioned you to be silent.”

“If you interrupt again, prisoner,” said the judge in a quiet voice, which expressed no anger, “I shall really be compelled to commit you for contempt.”

“This case,” said the judge, turning to the jury, “cannot go on. It is nothing but a dispute as to the identity of a certain horse. Mr. O'Donnell, the prosecutor, appears to have lost a small horse which they call a Galloway, and naturally enough he informs the police of his loss. A constable, whose discretion, I fear, I cannot praise, is instructed to make search, and pitches after a time on a horse which he finds in the prisoner's stable. The prosecutor himself, according to my notes, points out a singular discrepancy, which is tantamount to positive proof, his own horse having left his stable with a long tail, and the horse taken by the constable having a short tail, with no sign of any recent amputation. Your verdict will therefore be ‘Not guilty,’ and I think the

prisoner should be well compensated for what he has suffered. Brother Geraldson, I hope you will see to this."

The jury, on the judges' direction, at once found a verdict of "not guilty."

The judge said, addressing Connor, "the jury say you are 'not guilty.' You are discharged."

The Court then rose for the day.





## CHAPTER XIII.

### THE CONDITION OF IRELAND PAST AND PRESENT.

THE whole population of the city of Cork was in a state of the most profound excitement on the eve of the trial of Michael Doherty.

For days, as the time of the assizes approached, the crime of firing at Sir Roderick Norman had been almost the sole topic of conversation. Day by day the restlessness and agitation of the public mind became more manifest. Through the discussions which were freely carried on, respecting the cause of so vicious an act and its outcome, the excitement grew, and was now at its height.

Some of the older citizens were indescribably alarmed, and maintained that the attempted

murder was a sure indication of further conspiracies and agrarian outrages which they believed to be imminent, and that there would surely be some new outburst of the frantic doings of their recent history, some ten years earlier; while others as stoutly maintained, being younger and more sanguine, that there was no cause for any such misgivings, that the attempt to murder was an isolated case, possibly connected with some private motive of revenge, founded on what no one can tell, though at the trial it might be elicited.

Many more deprecated all such apprehension. Their faith was not shaken in the advancement their country had made.

For some years the political atmosphere of Ireland had been clearing. Many dark and threatening clouds they had seen in their time pass off, and a brighter period they had watched steadily advancing, judging from the many social improvements which for some time had prevailed.

Had not a strong re-action commenced in favour of English rule? They believed in

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English rule ; for had not their experience of Home Rule been only too disastrous ?

Men were losing their prejudices. The suffering which had been experienced under the attempts made by the Land Leaguers had produced convictions of a most wholesome kind. Agitators were fewer, and far less influential ; and in many districts failed to gain a hearing, still less a following. The parliamentary elections, which occurred from time to time, through natural and unavoidable vacancies, were uniformly decided in favour of the constitutional candidate and imperial government.

No wonder confidence had been considerably restored. For some years too, rents had been fairly paid. Boycotting had long altogether ceased ; and it was generally believed would never again be resorted to as a means of coercion.

Altogether there was great reason to be satisfied with the improved condition of the country ; and but for the unfortunate occurrence of this miserable event, the dastardly attack

on Sir Roderick, there would have been no revival of the apprehensions which were again awakened.

The elders of the community, who had such painful and personal recollections of the past, were those who more especially felt keenly the momentous nature of the trial which was so close at hand, and were doubtful what political or social facts might be brought to light by the evidence which would be taken. It was a time most certainly of great mental agitation, and the most confident in the advancement which the country had made were unable to throw off altogether the feelings engendered by the occasion.

There was no doubt of the truth of the rumour which had reached Cork the day before, that the Government, as a precaution, were sending through the tube several regiments of the light brigade, for the papers of the morning confirmed the fact. The ready and direct communication which this tube had established between England and Ireland, it was fully believed, had assisted much in the quieting of

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Irish disturbance, and cementing the connection between the two countries. Members of Parliament especially praised this ready access to England. The journey to the House had ceased to be fatiguing and deterrent; and any who were engaged in commerce could without trouble or difficulty, two or three times in a session, run to and fro' for the transaction of private business. Of course, to the Government the transport of troops to meet any emergency which might arise was invaluable through the expeditious and punctual means the tube supplied of conveying troops to Ireland, and the loyal part of the population gained confidence through the very existence of this new resource. At any time the Imperial strength might be applied; and the consciousness of this gave not only confidence to the well disposed, but caution to the disaffected.

To Lionel Grantley, who had been quite in his early childhood when the social and political condition of Ireland was at its worst, the snatches of conversation and the remarks

which reached him were full of the deepest interest. They supplied him with information which really belonged to history—to events which had been enacted in his infancy. As a boy he certainly remembered to have heard of the social misery of Ireland, and its political distraction, when the Home Rulers and the leaders of the Land League were in the ascendant; but to listen to all this discussed by many who had actually lived in and experienced those days of misery and disquietude, made it all very real, and enabled him well to comprehend how there should be a revival of like feeling through the advent of this trial. What a contrast he found in the phlegmatic Englishman he had left behind, and the restless, sanguine, and vehement Irishman! How much would not be gained to both if the two dispositions could be rolled into one, and divided fairly to both; if the English could lose something of his reserve, and the Irish something of his excitability, would not the gain be great?

Sir Roderick and his two friends sat late

after dinner on this eventful evening. There being no ladies of the party, there was no reason for withdrawing to another room. The conversation turned naturally on the event they were awaiting. Lionel listening with unabated interest as his father and Sir Roderick discussed much of what had gone before in Ireland and in the treatment of the Irish people by England.

"The first and great mistake," said Sir Roderick "was without doubt the Coercion Act. How could any people stand that the chief men on whom they relied should be shut up in prison?"

"Yes," assented Lord Northfield, "and no specific offence laid to their charge. If I recollect rightly, there were as many as seven hundred and fifty suspects in gaol at one time."

"You are quite right," remarked Sir Roderick, "and what was the state of things during their incarceration? It was at that period that all the outrages of every description occurred, and that the country was brought to the very verge of ruin."

"The 'no-rent' cry," observed Lord Northfield, "was most wicked and cruel. Ladies in large numbers who, with narrow incomes, were dependent altogether on the punctual receipt of what their small estates produced, were brought to the point of starvation; their agents, if they remained faithful, were threatened by the miscreants of the time, and, indeed, many a murder was committed on those who desired to do what was right and protect the innocent and assist those who were friendless."

"To have realized it all," said Sir Roderick, "you should have had experience of it, as I had year after year during the two months I resided at this house. I must confess I was glad when my visit was finished, for poor Winifred was in a constant state of nervous alarm, though on all the estate we had no atrocities committed. But I felt it to be my solemn duty not to desert my post and inheritance."

"At last," observed Lord Northfield, "Glibword discovered his mistake, and really gave

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up in despair. He was very ill-advised by his cabinet, his chief secretary especially made the most awful mess of everything, and thought to recall the disaffected to a sense of their duty by a mode of government which altogether failed. He tampered with the suspects, letting some out of prison. He hoped to coax the others into good behaviour that they might get their release. No doubt he was sorry to shut up so many men; but he had begun on that line and knew not how to change it."

"Well," said Sir Roderick, "how could they suppose that a policy of coercion could come with any grace from men professing liberal principles?"

"Glibword," added Lord Northfield, "proved himself to be the veriest autocrat, despotic to the back bone."

"Most certainly, he did," continued Sir Roderick. "In those days the Tories were the real Liberals, and the Liberals the old-fashioned Tories. Coercing people is not really governing."

"At last, just as might be expected," re-

marked Lord Northfield, "they were compelled to resort to military force ; to place the country under a sort of martial law, and leave it to the soldier to settle everything."

"Yes," said Sir Roderick, "that was the course, and when the people began to feel that they had to pay for all this, and that good behaviour was the only way to get rid of the extraordinary taxes, they began to think it would be better to submit to civil government, and acknowledge they were mastered. I hope and trust we are not again to be placed under military surveillance."

"No, no," interposed Lord Northfield. "The precaution of sending over a few regiments now is well advised, I think ; but I do not anticipate that, if there be any conspiracy, it is very extensive, still less that it can be strong."

"Well, the old leaders of the past disturbances are mostly dead and gone," said Sir Roderick, "and certainly the feeling towards England is greatly improved, and many of the most outrageous of what was called the Irish

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party have quietly dropped the notion of separating from England." And turning to Lionel, he observed, "Lionel, my boy, I thought you would have been fast asleep ere now, and tired out with our political discussion."

But Lionel at once disclaimed all such feelings. On the contrary, he expressed the great interest he had taken in all he had heard.

"I had really no notion," he remarked, "that things in Ireland had been in so dangerous and critical a condition."

"My dear boy," observed Lord Northfield, "to hear of these things, and to bear part in them, are two very different conditions. Yet what you have heard may give you some fair idea of what the country has had to bear."

"Is it possible," asked Lionel, "that men banded themselves together to pay no rent, and to murder those who did pay it?"

"That, indeed, was so," said Sir Roderick, "and continued so for a very serious time."

"And were it true," he further enquired, "that men were what they call boycotted,

which, if I understand rightly, means sent to Coventry, and utterly barred from intercourse with their fellows? "

"Yes," observed Lord Northfield, "and were prevented, moreover, from obtaining the supply of common necessities."

"Atrocious!" exclaimed Lionel.

"And what was as bad as it is possible to conceive," remarked Sir Roderick, "not only were men murdered, but the cattle of those who offended the Home Rulers and Land Leaguers, were most cruelly injured: not killed, but wounded severely, and left to perish as they might."

"Diabolical!" shouted Lionel, "I would have punished any who were detected in such crimes in the severest way the law would permit."

"You wouldn't have hung them, Lionel, would you?" enquired Lord Northfield, smiling.

"Well, you know, father," said Lionel, in a truly apologetic tone, "for a long time, I have held that hanging is no possible use or

cure for anything. I hope they wont try to hang Doherty."

"It is furthest from my wish," said Sir Roderick, "that they should hang the poor man. I hope it may turn out he has been the dupe of others, and that the judge may abstain from passing the capital sentence."

"I feel sure," remarked Lord Northfield, "that if the Government have any evidence that this crime of Doherty's is connected in the smallest way with any suspected conspiracy, the criminal will certainly be left for the hangman."





## CHAPTER XIV.

### KATE IN HER CABIN, AWAITING THE TRIAL.

WE have seen how Mr. Sharpnose after his interview with Kate and arranging with her for the defence of her husband, had dissuaded her from remaining in Cork, and urged her to return to her cottage, taking care not to divulge that she had money about her or to lose time on the road. He showed her how impossible it was under the circumstances that she should be permitted an interview at that time with her husband, and convinced of this, though full of disappointment, she gave her boys refreshment, and, taking them by the hand, proceeded homeward.

Poor Kate Doherty, what with the excitement of the day, and the distance she had travelled on foot, was completely overcome on her arrival. As it was growing dark she found all the younger children in doors, and a neighbour kindly attending to their wants and preparing to put the younger ones to bed. She was herself fairly broken down. Her two boys had tried to cheer and comfort her by the way; but they, young and unconscious, little knew the heavy load pressing on their mother's heart.

Molly O'Brien welcomed her as she arrived. She was full of sorrow and pity for poor Kate, and from the commencement of Kate Doherty's trouble had encouraged her to pour her thoughts into her bosom, hoping almost against hope that something might still be done to save her husband's life.

"Well, Kate dear," she said, as she pulled the cottage door wide open that the little party might come in at once; "I'm glad you're come at last. The children have all been crying for you; and I couldn't help

thinking as you were so late, that they'd kept you in the gaol with Michael, ochone."

"Oh no, Molly dear," rejoined Kate, "I haven't seen poor Michael even. They wouldn't let me."

"How was that?" asked Molly.

"The lawyer said they wouldn't let me," Kate explained; "so he tould me I'd better get home before it was dark. He'll do all he can for Mike; yes: he'll do all. But there's no hope. How can there be. I'm as good as a widdy already," and the poor troubled woman sank down on a stool completely overcome, and burst into a torrent of weeping.

"No, don't take on so," said Molly in her most soothing tone; "don't take on so, you're tired. Let me take off your shawl and bonnet—there—and make yourself as aisy as you can."

"Thank you," repeated Kate, "thank you so much."

"And here," said Molly, taking up a basin in her hand, "I brought in some butter-milk

for the children. There's some left. May be you'll take a little and refresh yourself."

Poor Kate, thoroughly overcome, accepted her friend's kind offer, and turning to Mike, told him to cover up the little ones and let them go to sleep. "Mike," she said, when he had arranged the little ones, "come and sit by mither; and here, Pat, come and sit on the other side, I want to talk to you about father."

Molly O'Brien on hearing this rose to take her leave.

"Oh Molly dear," continued Kate, "don't go, don't go yet. I want you too. Wait a bit till I'm rested."

"What can I do for you?" asked Molly. "Don't you think you'd better lay down a bit and let me come back in the morning," and Molly indicated her intention to depart.

"No, no," ejaculated Kate hysterically, "no, no, don't—don't leave me, I beseech you."

"Well, well," interposed Molly, with the kindness and gentleness common to woman in every condition of life, where there is

trouble. "Well, well, take comfort, I won't leave you."

"O Molly," Kate went on, "I see all they're going to do to Mike," and she bent her head forward, declaring she had seen a vision of it, and fell into a paroxysm of grief.

"Molly, dear," she continued after a brief pause, "hold—hold my hand—I seem as if I was falling—catch me—oh catch me—my head swims—hold my—"

Poor Kate, before anything could be done, fainted dead away. Molly, with the help of the two boys, lifted her on to the bed. The flat position, after a short but anxious interval, brought her round again, and with a deep drawn sigh the heart resumed its pulsations, and she recovered.

"Kate dear," said Molly, without waiting for any sign, "let me put you to bed. You're too tired to do anything to-night. You must rest. I'll see to the children, and then leave you all till the morning. Try and sleep; and may the good angels watch around you."

"Thank you, thank you, Molly," murmured

Kate, in an exhausted tone, "I'll go to bed. You needn't stay. Thank you. The boys always shift for themselves, and the little ones will soon be asleep. Good night, Molly; the saints reward yer."

Molly O'Brien at once did as her friend wished. She pulled the door to as she went out; but she was full of anxiety for her suffering neighbour, and resolved to visit her early next day. She felt doubtful what might happen.

When all was quiet Kate fell quickly into a profound sleep. Fatigue had mastered her, and exhausted nature sought its sure restorative.

But as the night went on she became disturbed, as might be expected after all the excitement and anxiety she had during the preceding day endured, and her brain became troubled and she dreamed.

She seemed walking in the early spring by the side of Michael Doherty, listening to the outpourings of a youthful and loving heart, when all at once the scene seemed to change,

and before her stood erect a gallows in the Courtyard of Cork Gaol. A procession was forming and advancing from the building to the scaffold. She could see a figure as she looked through the little crowd first approaching to be pinioned and then passing forward for execution. The gaol chaplain walked behind reading from a book, while others, evidently officials, closed up the rear. In another moment it seemed as if the concourse was transformed into a strange medley, in which one half was battling with the other. In the midst of the fray, the bands of the prisoner were loosed and the gaol gates flung open, and space made for the prisoner to pass out. The chaplain ceased reading, the hangman withdrew taking with him his implements of death. But the prisoner, though free in all his limbs, proceeded strangely but determinately to adjust his own head in the fatal noose; and at once with a loud scream, and breathing heavily, Kate awoke, the perspiration in heavy drops rolling fast off her forehead.

She sat up. "It was a dream," she audibly



muttered, "but oh how dreadful." In the prisoner she had not discerned the face of Mike, but it was enough. Her convictions told her that the prisoner represented in her dream could be none else than her husband; and she felt the end was indeed determined, and in a few days would be brought about. She could not sleep again, and the night seemed endless. She watched with inexpressible eagerness for the grey dawn of that wintry morning, and as the day opened her children sat up around her, wondering, though silent, what could make their mother so stare, and weep, and sigh.

With the daylight, Molly O'Brien returned to the cottage.

She found poor Kate utterly unstrung and ill.

"Oh, Molly," Kate at once began before waiting for her to speak, "I have had a terrible dream. I have seen in it all that is to happen. Oh, Mike, Mike."

"There, there," said Molly, soothingly; "let me dress the little ones, and then you shall

tell me. Come, boys, jump up and dress, and run to play while I get some breakfast ready, and put things a bit to rights. Don't trouble mither. Let her be."

"Thank you, dear Molly," said Kate, with such cheerfulness as she could muster, "I feel a little better now you're come, and its daylight; but, oh, how terrible the night has been. Such a dream! Till I woke, the trouble was so great, I felt as if a heavy weight was pressing me to the earth, and as if my heart was bursting. I'm all of a tremble. I try to feel it was a dream and nothing more, but it was all so plain, and seemed so real and true, that I can't put it from me."

"You'll be better presently; be sure you will," suggested Molly, in a quiet soothing voice. "You know you had a trying day yesterday, and much to go through, and you only dreamt your thoughts."

"Yes, Molly dear, but my thoughts," observed poor Kate, "were only too much like what I have to dread. I wish you'd stay with us while I tell my boys the great sorrow hang-

ing over us. It's right they should know they may lose their father: Oh, God, that I should have to say it," and Kate wrung her hands, but her eyes were too dry for tears to come to her relief.

"Must you tell them?" suggested Molly.  
"Why tell them while all is so uncertain?"

"Yes, yes, Molly dear," Kate quickly rejoined; "they ought to know. I'll tell them briefly. You will stay and hear me do it."

There was profound silence for a few moments, and Molly did not offer to go, though she had done all she could for their comfort and wants.

At length Kate began: "Here, Mike and Pat, come to my knees. I want you to pray for father. The Laaguers have got him into trouble. They made him shoot at Sir Roderick, and he's in gaol, as you know. Don't cry, my children, listen and be calm. He may come home no more: but God is good. Lift up your hands and say with me, 'Pater noster qui es in Cælo.'"

All buried their heads and repeated after

Kate the solemn invocation for help in all necessities, and when the "Amen" was spoken Kate felt composed, if not hopeful. She would wait in faith and patience till God's will was done.

END OF VOL. II.





